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Simon W. Bright prop

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THE POLITICIANS

A Thrilling Play,

IN FIVE ACTS.

BY

SIMON WILLIAM BRIGHT.

'Twill be as lasting as the hill,
Where thou didst play a shepherd's boy,
And taught, thy dog to bark.

PHILADELPHIA:

A. SWAN, PRINTER, S. E. CORNER SECOND AND CHESTNUT STS.

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SIMON W. BRIGHT,

in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the Eastern District
of Pennsylvania.

THE POLITICIANS.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

HENRY W. BLUMOR, *Member of Congress.*

Mrs. BLUMOR, *his Wife.*

WIDOW BLUMOR, *his Mother.*

Col. OLIVER GOODWILL,	}	<i>Friends of Blumor.</i>
WILLIAM HAUTHORN,		
NAT. BUXTON,		

JOHN XERXES BROWN, *Candidate for Congress.*

Miss MARY ESSENCE, *Maid of Surry, (in love with Brown.)*

DELIA, *her Servant.*

SAMUEL PETOCINE,	}	<i>Friends of Brown.</i>
LOWNDES CARRAL,		
JETHRU McPIERRIE,		

SOLOMON JOLOR,	}	<i>Enemies to Blumor.</i>
ABSOLAM JUNC,		
PETER CARACAT,		
BEVERLY BUTTERCOCK,		
DICK FERROST,		
ABNER SHANKS,		

*Judge, Lawyer, Doctor, Devil, Ghost, Post Boy, Hostler, Aunt Mimy, Sheriff,
Landlord, Citizens, Servants, Guards.*



THE POLITICIANS.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*A Midnight Plot.*—Enter JOLER, JUNC, CARACAT, BUTTERCOCK, FERROST, and SHANKS.

Jol. Fellow Comrades—we have met at this fit time,
And opportune place, at this late hour,
When bats and owls are motionless as sleep;
When dead silence reigns, and nothing is afloat,
Except the noiseless dews, to concoct the
Ruin of a prosperous man; and adjust
Matters to our *taste*, appertaining to
Each one's interest. 'Tis a well known fact,
That Blumor's daily gaining strength, and will
Be elected unless his tide of fortune
Stops. The people praise him every where,
And say he's a worthy man;—each one must
Tax his ingenuity in devising
Subtle means to impair his reputation;—
Fix a plan, and lay a snare to do it.
His defeat will reward our efforts in
A sextuple ratio, and triumph lift
Up our heavy heads. In this electioneering
Struggle, we've gain'd nothing by being fair;
Let's resort to craft and cunning; this
Is allow'd politicians; no system
Of device, no frauds, are bad enough for
Blumor; his damn'd shoulders are able to
Bear the machinations of blear ey'd devils.
He's our enemy, oppos'd to our cause,
In favor of stringent liquor laws.
We are wild, and gay, and do drink our drams,
As our Fathers did, have done time immemorial
If divested the means,
Of our gayety, we are no longer gay;
But freemen under duress, inpos'd

Upon by a legislative law,
 Conflicting with Divine laws;—can we stomach
 The thought, to be bereft the apple, and
 Its palatable juices, a gift of God,
 Subject to man's directions, appliances,
 And uses, many thousand years;
 But recently deem'd an error, to
 Be corrected by law, timely rift from
 Longing individual appetite;
 Made a legislative triumph, independent
 The influence of the moral world.
 Man should be free, and joyous, with feelings
 Warm, and gushing—God has made him so.
 Who dare alter His workmanship, and by
 Enactment force it to a moral visage,
 A long face moralist. We have no
 Evil here without His knowledge. Who dare,
 With an aspect of deceit, as white
 Sepulchres, wink at heaven's wisdom, and
 Support measures, to rid the world of a
 Plague, permitted, allow'd by the Omnipotent;
 To remove the tempter with a
 Process of law, wherewith we are tempted,
 Refin'd and purified. O! ignorant,
 Foolish race,—your surplus age of religion
 Incites you to do, what God has never done;—
 Prayer, righteousness, are instruments
 Of sins removal, not moral vanity,
 That which makes ye Solomons, to banish
 Thy brother's wickedness, and makes thy eyes
 As telescopes, to peer into coming
 Evil. O foolish people, do now what
 You conceive is good to be done, remove
 This your curse, and God can send you one that's worse,
 The fires of Sodom, and Gomorah,
 Famines, pestilence, bloodshed, civil war;
 But enough, I'll act as chairman, while each
 Of you, do set forth his designs and plans
 Invented for Blumor's overthrow.

Per. Mr. Chairman, I dislike Blumor, I hate the man,
 None will exult more than I, at his defeat;
 A designing, schemy hypocrite;—
 Why sir, at church, none says amen louder,
 To the minister's prayer, to his sermon;
 None listens more attentively; for the
 Vile purpose of catching votes, and reaping
 The people's favor: success crown's the rascal;
 Fortune's lap is emptied at his feet;
 Not by fair means, but foul; yet among the

People, he is preferable to Brown;
 Whom they accuse with ignorance, as a
 Sappy youth; unfit for Congress, and class
 Him with the commonest farmer, that ever
 Plough'd a crooked furrow, and do maintain
 The opinion, that honor belongeth
 Not to those who are least among us, but
 The greatest. Blumor being great, therefore
 Should be honor'd; Brown not being great, should
 Be dishonor'd, with the scandal of defeat:
 Designated the silliest goose, that
 Ever graz'd upon the green sod of the
 Valley; an undisciplin'd mass;
 An unwean'd puppy, whining about the people
 For their suffrages, who hate him. Ah! this
 Hatred must be chang'd; the people must take
 It as a dainty morsel, for they'll be
 Nonplus'd at the snar's we'll lay for Blumor;
 Fall from his support, as ripe apples from
 The tree; scandal must do its work; stalk forth
 To disperse the prepossessions the people
 Have for Blumor. We are men of truth,
 But must be liars once; perjury will
 Create a great reaction, and transfer the
 Popular tide to Brown; we must say Blumor
 Has done thus, and thus, and strengthen our
 Sayings with an oath; we'll be believed.
 I'm no person for designs, I never was,
 But will enter upon any plot
 We may adopt, for Blumor's downfall;—
 Though it should be, to take away his life.

Car. Mr. Chairman, I can bob Blumor's tail and clip
 His pride, by penning his neighbor's pigs, his
 Neighbor's cattle, his neighbor's stock, upon
 His land, and giving them his mark. This should
 Be done, and published in the Journals
 Of the day, so that the people can perceive
 He's a rogue, and stealeth from his neighbors.

Junc. Mr. Chairman, that design will never do.
 Blumor's purse is heavy, he's rich and able
 To purchase his neighbor's stock, at three
 Times their value, and could reconcile the
 Matter, by saying his negroes did the
 Mischief. 'Twould be better to bribe some woman
 Of ill repute, to swear the rape against
 Him. This would enrage the people, and bring
 The wretch to punishment.

But. Mr. Chairman, Blumor is a man of character,
 Hitherto unimpeach'd, his oath will

Outweigh any woman's oath, of ill repute;
 Besides, he is a married man,
 And has a pretty wife. That he has wrong'd
 His wife, and committed rape upon a
 Vile wench, cannot be palm'd off upon the
 Public; none would believe such false report;
 And the whore would have to clear the track, else
 Receive punishment, for what is deem'd spite;—
 Intolerable means, to be aveng'd
 Upon a man, who never touch'd a harlot.
 I have a remedy more effectual;
 If in its application, we can agree:
 For Blumor, when we meet him next, lets feign
 Friendship, advocate his measures, admit
 He's right, and that we'll support him, to be
 With the majority; if for nothing
 Else. While doing this, while praising him, and
 Heaping flatteries, upon his sinful
 Head, I'll drop my pocket-book into his
 Pocket; slip away unobserved, and make
 Proclamation of robbery. Then each
 Of you, must go to the Sheriff, whose
 Services I'll procure, to ferret out the thief,
 And tell him Blumor purloined the book.
 We'll have him in a ruinous snare;
 Wherewith he'll be disgraced forever.

Shanks. Mine cot, a petter ting, never vas in
 Sharmany done.

Jol. Yes, 'tis a good thing, a noble thing,
 All sufficient to work an enemy's
 Destruction; 'twill bury him low; sink him
 Beneath the rubbish of the flood. Now to
 The bottle, comrades; we'll sing, and drink, to
 Buttercock's health. (*They sing.*)

Hurra! hurra! for Buttercock,
 Old Blumor, directly,
 Will be lead to the whipping block,
 And there whipp'd correctly.

Hurra! hurra! for Buttercock,
 We'll sing his praises high;
 His plots, his plans, his schemes, will shock,
 Politicians greatly.

Hurra! hurra! for Buttercock,
 Now, we'll mingle glasses,
 For every one to drink his health,
 And bray like jack-asses. [*Exeunt, braying.*]

SCENE II.—*In the Streets—Enter JOLER, JUNC, BUTTERCOCK, FERROST, SHANKS, and CARACAT, whispering.*

Enter BLUMOR, who nods in the act of passing them.

But. Blumor, pass not by us, we are your friends,
Myself and the others here, are your truest friends.

Blu. You are jesting, I imagine, sir.

Car. He's right in thinking so, at first we were
His enemies.

Blu. And are so still, I fear.

Fer. Away with fear, chang'd we are, from worst to
Better, have forsaken Brown, as he fell
Short of our expectations, as a man
Of merit, and politician. We lik'd
His principles, but yours, when understood
We lik'd better.

Blu. (*Astonished.*) Well! well! then you are my friends.

(*Buttercock slips the pocket-book, in his pocket, and leaves.*)

Jol. We are your friends, and willing to be
Accepted as such; if you've been wrong'd
With speeches of defamation; if your
Prospects we have soil'd, and to your influences
Been detrimental, this proffering you
Our support, and a knowledge of this
Among the people, will be a revocation
Of what we have done.

Blu. A double revocation, and thanks from
Your humble Candidate.

Junc. If humble, he is exalted, above
The muddy round of mediocrity;
His name immortal in the annals of state,
His excellences, the people do revere,
And are proud of their noble standard bearer.—
Who honors his country, is honor'd.
We will neither lessen that honor,
Nor blemish our names, and reputation,
By being in the suds, in the minority
We are for you, and the majority
Float with the tide; you are the tide,
And many people are in it; therefore, boast and
Brag, and not by actions show,
That your election is doubtful.

Blu. 'Tis a thing, I've never done, but since my
Enemies are my friends, and do elate
Me with their friendship, I can demurely
Boast, that my election is sure, if surety
Is ascertain'd by actions, looks, or jestures;

And there is any truth, in manifestations;—
 I'm cheer'd up ev'ry where, and from external
 Appearance's, do believe, I'll be elected
 Almost unanimously; but belief's
 Are thwarted by sudden circumstances;
 And in tempests, ships are lost. If it
 Remaineth calm, and no storm ariseth,
 To blow away my hopes; if the voters
 Are true, and prove not false, I'll get the largest
 Vote ever given in this district.

Shauks. Valk in dece shop, and take some peer mit us;
 You be von big man, bigger dan de
 Odder von's; de peoples vill vote mit you.

[*Exeunt all in the shop.*]

Re-enter BUTTERCOCK.

But. An accident,—by all the powers, my
 Pocket-book's gone, stolen;—but five minutes
 Since, I defray'd my tavern bill,—full of
 Bank notes,—stuff'd,—stuff'd,—ah!—I'm ruin'd,—my
 Money's lost. (*Enter Sheriff.*) Hallo Sheriff, I'm robbed.—

Sher. By whom?

But. Pick-pockets, rogues, thieves, a reward for detection.

[*Exit.*]

Sher. I'll look up the thief, and bring him to trial;
 Where he'll get his deserts, and have his back
 Chequ'd with vermilion stripes.

Enter JOLER, JUNG, SHANKS, FERROST, CARACAT.

Sher. Your pocket-books gentlemen, I must look
 At every man's pocket-book; a theft has
 Been committed.

Jol. Who has lost a pocket-book?

Sher. Buttercock.

Jol. Ah! Blumor's the rogue, he purloin'd the book.

Sher. Is it possible? May we not expect
 A second flood? What's the world coming to,
 When such men turn rogues? He has small ears I trow.

Jol. Whether large or small, he has an ear, he
 Has an art and slippery hands for theft.

Sher. If cursed with such an ear, such an art,
 And such hands, how did you detect him?

Jol. By chance; we met him in the street to day,
 Receiv'd him with the courtesy due from
 One partisan to another: had some
 Friendly talk upon the topics of the day,
 About the election; how the different
 Counties would go, and the issue between
 The parties. We were aroun'd, so was he,
 In his excitement, to make us converts;

And to impress his political faith,
 He would slap us on the shoulders;
 He slap'd Buttercock thus, and in his slaps and flirts,
 Got his hand into his pocket, stol'd
 His pocket-book before our eyes; held it in
 His hand, continued excited, and slap'd
 Buttercock's back, with the pocket-book
 Without his knowledge; then gulp'd it in his own
 Pocket. 'Twas a keen trick.

Sher. Did the rest of you see it!—witness this keen trick?

Car. We did, and will verify what Joler
 Says, corroborate his declarations
 With an oath.

Sher. Then Blumor must be arrested, disgrac'd,
 And brought to trial.

Car. 'Tis what we desire,—disgrace will pluck his
 Feathers, shake his vanity, convulse his
 Proud breast, corrugate his winning features,
 Evaporate his manly bearing, dry him
 Up a drivell'd idiot; reel him about
 As a loaded mule; make him vacillate
 As a clock's pendulum; drag him from his
 Distinguish'd summit, to an obscure position!—
 Arrest him, we'll follow at your heels,
 To exult at his mortification,
 And astonishment;—but here he comes!

Sher. (*To Blu.*) Lets have your pocket-book!

Blu. (*Giving it.*) Take it, appropriate it to your
 Necessities, the people's necessities.
 Let it relieve their wants, and cheer up the
 Hearts of the crestfallen.

Sher. This is not the one I want, lets have the
 Other one?

Blu. 'Tis the only one I have.

Sher. Let me search your pockets, I wager, I'll
 Find another?

Blu. Cant my word be taken? Must I be
 Suspected of untruths? Well examine me?
 Then I am false to truth; if thou findeth another.

Sher. Will your swear it? A Bible, friends.

Blu. I will not swear it, but will convince you,
 By submitting to an examination.
 Examine me, Sheriff.

Sher. Well then, turn round.

Junc. (*Pointing.*) That's the pocket.

Sher. (*Examining.*) I've got it, come out, thou lone one, thou
 Stolen book. Here it is. Aha! now thou art
 A liar;—do you claim this book? Is this
 Your book?

Blu. 'Tis not my book.

Sher. How came you by it?

Blu. Let the winds be your oracle, the bending
Trees, the solid ground, rivers, birds, mountains,
Or any thing you please,—they know as much
About the book as I do, and will give
As true an answer.

Sher. 'Tis the nature of a thief, to disown,
And not acknowledge, his doings.

Blu. Am I then a thief? If I purloin'd the
Book, I must have been dreaming, sleeping, or
Laboring under some great mental
Aberation. Do not say that I'm a thief;—
An intentional thief;—my flesh crawls at
The idea. You fire up my soul, with a hellish rage,
And set my blood to boiling.
This matter must be settled, sir.

Sher. Have patience, it will be settled; but first
You must away with me to prison, to
Await your trial.

Blu. Imprison me upon grounds so slender
As this, without knowing whose book this is?—
You have no right to use me thus;
You have no right to trifle with my honor;
You have no law to uphold you in it, without
Some evidence of my guilt, and some
Person to claim the book.

Sher. We have an owner for the book;—'tis Buttercock's;—
And sufficient evidence of your guilt.
I'm afraid your blood will be spilt; I dont
Want to see it. Neither do I want you
Imprison'd, which is optional with Buttercock;—
He is a man of feeling, you and he,
I hope, will settle this affair, between ye.

Blu. 'Tis Buttercock's, you say! Why, this very day
He unburden'd himself to me, as one
Of my best friends; spoke tenderly of my
Party, and of the interest he felt
In the election. He gave, or rather
Pledged, his vote to me, with his friendship annexed.

But. (*Coming up.*) You abus'd that friendship,—
Stole my pocket-book.

Blu. You'll not prosecute me, for this suppos'd theft.

But. You must undergo the rigor of the law.

Blu. To compromise this matter, I'll give you
Six such pocket-books, and many presents to boot.

But. Nay, I have a competency; if I
Had not, wealth by means of dishonesty
Would trouble me more than honest poverty.

I will not be brib'd, no, you must undergo
The rigor of the law; else it would be
Establishing hasty precedents; which
Would be taken advantage of, by
Other rogues in future.

Blu. Buttercock, my house, my lands, my slaves,
My carriages, horses, cattle, swine,
Magnolia groves, ambrosial flowers,
My wide fields, green lawns, orchards, cedar hedges,
Shall be thine. My park, fish ponds, lakes, and
Leaping streams, my hunting ground, and cool
Springs, with bubbling spouts, heaving up snowy
Sands, shall be thine,—to let this matter drop.

But. Could you present the ocean's buried wealth,
Filter the amber bowels of earth, for
Diamonds, and precious ore; could you present a
Solomon's Temple; the gift of Croises;
Or an emerald left, when heaven was
Finish'd, I should let the law have its course,
Nor from my duty swerve.

Sher. Seize him.

[*Exeunt, dragging Blumor to jail.*]

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*A quarrel and fight.*—*Enter* HAUTHORN and GOODWILL.

Good. Good day, Mr. Hawthorn, how do you do?
How stands your health, and other prospects?

Hau. My health stands with me, my prospects stand
Not at all.

Good. Then your health and prospects have parted,
A goodly thing, for you 'tis so; as
Good and evil, is a dish to all;
And have been, ever since man's fall; who
Takes the good, must take the evil,
The good without the evil, 'tis a rare exception.

Hau. Make not the pine, an oak; nor an oak,
The pine; neither truth, the falsehood; nor
Falsehood, the truth; let things be as they
Are, then things they'll be.

Enter BUXTON.

Bux. Bad news, gentlemen, our candidate
For Congress, the Honorable
Henry W. Blumor, is in prison!

Hau. Impossible, Buxton, you are mistaken;
It can't be so.

Bux. Indeed its so, I saw him enter
Myself, and the doors clos'd.

Hau. Bad news, bad news!—How did he look?

Bux. He look'd as sad as the moon, and pale
As a ghost.

Good. I'll have him out of that miserable vault.

Bux. Ah! but he's guarded, you can't get at him. [Exit.]

Good. I'll have him out, I tell you, I'll have
Him out: if there is any virtue
In man, I have a will, one that will
Move a body; and a body, that
Will move a dungeon, I'll have him out.

Hau. Let things take their course, be not hasty;
Will you thump the green watermelon,
And say its ripe! If Blumor's guilty,
The prison is not to good for Blumor;
If innocent, truth will purify
His innocence; a bee hive, taken
Too early, will give only comb, without
The honey; which will not sweeten the
Palate; green gathered corn will sour, and
Not support the body; the fast horse will
Break his wind, and is wind broken in
Expectancy; the swift hound, will kill
Himself, to prevent which, his owner
Keeps him chain'd.

Good. If your field was on fire, would you not
Hasten to put it out? If your Ox
Was in the mire, would you not hasten
To pull him out? Damn'd be the man,
Who would hesitate, when his house is
Withering to ashes, or when his
Daughter is being ravished. You
Don't love Blumor, you are an enemy
To Blumor. The fierce tiger lies in
Ambush for its prey; the falcon
Flutters in the air before he swoops
Upon the sparrow; bid me not
Hesitate to check the flying horse, with
A royal family at his heels:
To pull the ox out of the ditch; to
Smother flames. Haste, regulates haste, and
Places in order, that which is disorder'd.

Hau. Haste, regulates haste, 'bout as much as
A hasty fire, regulates a dinner
Pot which boils over,—suppresses haste,
Puts out the fire.

Good. If you did but have any reason;
If you could but listen to reason;
And would measure reason, with reason;
Then I would not have any reason

To say, that you were without reason.

Hau. If you did know, what was reason;
If you did know how to obtain reason,
And how difficult 'tis to reason,
You would willingly yield to reason,
And not be a mad passionate fool.

Good. I may be a fool, and a passionate
One to boot; but no man calls me thus to
My teeth with impunity, be he as
Meek as Moses, or mighty as an
Elephant;—so take this and this. (*They Fight.*)

(*Re-enter BUXTON, and parts them.*)

Bux. Gentlemen, has it come to this, do I
See the friends of Blumor fight? Can he
Prosper, when friends wrangle themselves into
Difficulties? Wranglings engender hatred,
And fighting alienates friends; I fear one
Or the other, will be estranged from Blumor.
In sooth, your actions, your pugilistic
Display, can do his cause no good, should it
Be nois'd to the winds, or whisper'd to the
Ears of the idle; the masses would soon
Be acquainted with your folly, and every
One would form his opinion, and abide
It, as to the wherefore the cause of the
Fight. Some would rest in the firm belief, that
Its a political difference; that
You are for Brown, and you for Blumor;
Thus cause a divided influence. Be friends,—
Let your enmities fall,—look upon this
Your hostile engagement as a joke, a
Whim, a momentary anger, a caprice
Temporary.

Hau. Buxton, you are right, with you I do agree,
That this difficulty, was out of place,
And will produce political evils,
Unless we mutually forgive each other.
This rashness, bodily injuries inflicted,
And keep our frailties, to ourselves:
For my part, though injur'd, and on the
Defensive, for the sake of party triumph,
I'll make a clean breast of it, and forgive
Goodwill's attack and insolence. 'Twas as
I thought for his own safety and benefit
To our cause, that I remonstrated with him,
The impropriety, of overhasty
Attempts, by means of violence, to come at
Blumor's liberation; I did persuade

Him, to forsake his abrupt intents, which
 Would be to himself only perilous,
 And reason'd with him, the levity of
 A moments gratification, would be
 Incomparable to a life of misery.
 He would not listen, neither be
 Convinced of any thing 'twas said,—'twas then
 I spoke in warmth, to an irritable
 Man, the consequence was blows, a bruise'd cheek,
 And swollen eye.

Good. I acknowledge that I was in the wrong,
 And for thy forgiveness, do feel humbly
 Blest. With this renewal of friendship, that's
 Doubly dear, henceforth I'll act, as it
 Becometh a man of reason; or else
 I am a lifeless dog, a rotten hog,
 Or any other insensible thing;
 Subject to the buzzards, or an odious
 Carrion lump; an offensive speck, to those who
 Respect our moderate laws of justice.
 If I do violence, the penalty is some
 Punishment, a debt to country; if I
 Do murder, the penalty is death, a
 Debt to nature, a debt to country, and
 A retribution to aggrieved innocence;
 Being dead thus, after such cause and effect,
 I'm nothing, know nothing, upon a level
 With the dead hog, dog, or any other
 Dead brute; in my calm moments, I yield
 To reason, do not obstruct its force; 'tis then
 I see my errors, and human deformities;
 And feel ashamed of acts, done through
 Intense passion; if oppos'd in my belief,
 And excited to warmth, or a baser
 Feeling, anger, I'm heedless, rash,
 Ungovernable, a fiend, a demon, an
 Unmentionable monster, to defy
 Opposition, to injure my best friend;
 If perchance, he becomes a voluntary
 Meddler, and there is any interference
 On his part, to govern my temper,
 Sway my fury, and make my heated
 Notions abortive; to my friend thus
 Injured, for his gratuitous favors
 When sober'd, I recoil at the injury,
 And in compensation, would cut my throat,
 Ask pardon, acknowledge faults, and do
 Any penance, to make reparation.

Hau. After such friendly acknowledgements, and

Plain explanation, hereafter, I will know
 How to suit thee:—'tis said we all have errors;
 That I have, 'tis true, and this maxim
 Indeed applies to you, if all's included
 In it. Not being perfect, I can
 Overlook errors, withdraw fuel from the flames,
 And carry myself, in conformity
 To your notions and habits. No other
 Disruption will arise to prick our friendship;
 At least I hope so, and believing so,
 Will end this matter, in rendering thanks
 To Buxton;—we should thank him for our
 Timely separation.

Good. Thanks to the peace-maker.

Bux. Thanks to you, for such appreciable thanks,
 Which otherwise would be as refused blanks,
 As trash, deceit, as ought, or foulest play,
 That ever wrapt friend or foe in dismay!
 I'm no flatterer, and will not be flattered:
 May sense and reason, first be scattered,
 As wheat, as rye, upon a barren soil,
 Where man and beast, disdains to work and toil;
 Honest thanks, or from the lips in jesture,
 As a conceal'd splinter in a fester,
 Which being prick'd, comes forth and gives ease;—
 Such thanks, I think, will never fail to please.

Hau. You too, I find, as well as others, are vain;
 I did not expect it.—Away with
 Vanity; 'tis disgusting; 'tis a thing
 We all have without knowing it:—a
 Mirror to reflect the man, and show the mote
 In our brother's eye. There should have been no
 Admittance on your part, not the least;
 Being pleas'd at our reconciliation
 And thanks; you being the instrument.
 Had you been a spectator, or a simple
 Looker on, then 'twould be your duty
 To be noisy with manifestations;
 To shower down your expressions of regard
 At our welfare and safety. Away
 With vanity,—'tis a fault, that makes
 Perfection an impossibility
 In the human race; a spot blemishing
 The character of man, among men. The
 Man of merit, when told of his capacities,
 Says nothing;—suppose he should, and
 Acknowledge his greatness, he would only
 Be signing his death warrant, and dealing
 Out epecach to his admirers;—who

Would speedily vomit at his self greatness.

You deserved our thanks;—being thank'd, you should
Have said nothing; held your tongue; then instead of
Self-praise, you should have had our admiration.

Bux. For a thing that's natural, I'm not to blame;
If vain, you have admitted all's the same;
Yourself excepted, and the only one;
While others are nothing, none—that's something, some.
A model, exempt from censure, or a man
Who is faultless, regarded as a plan,
For others to pattern after, live by,
To follow in your exact footsteps; or try,
As an inebriate crossing a causeway,
Or as a helpless child, who wants to play.
I must pity the poor headlong, senseless fool,
Who will suffer you to make him a tool;
To tie him to your notions with a string,
And to lead him about as an abject thing.
I like to see a man with a mind his own,
Let his sins, his faults, be secret or known;
You are mad, sir, mad with my friend Goodwill,
Is why vanity is such a bitter pill;
We can't resist it, if all have that evil,
From the sad saint, to the grinning devil.
'Tis said cats rubbed, will exhibit their nails;
Also that dogs patted, will wag their tails;—
But enough, I have something to do elsewhere,
That will pay better, than quarreling here;
I have something to do for my friend Blumor,
Who is in jail,—so speaks Madam Rumor.
I can't be idle when his honor's at stake,
To liberate him, some efforts I'll make.

Hau. Does his wife know of his incarceration,
His life burial, and premature disgrace?

Bux. No sir, she has not received the news yet,
'Tis better its so, for she would weep and fret.

Hau. Come away—come on—we must inform her
Instantly; I pity the good woman;—
A finer lady I never saw;
Her husband's fate, will press heavily upon her.

[*Exeunt Bux. and Hau.*]

Good. I am alone, having gull'd two clever
Fellows, as it regards my intentions;
I am resolv'd to gull the prison
Of its noblest inmate, the most worthy man,
Who ever represented a free people
In Congressional Halls, the champion of
Liberty! Yes, Blumor I'll deliver,
Or die in the attempt;—he is no sea

Weed, to float the wave; no blade of grass,
 No bundle of fodder, to be cram'd away
 In a dark corner, beyond the light of day.
 We need him in these dangerous times,
 When the world is naught but a composition
 Of mobs, and black-hearted desperadoes,
 Caring neither for established rights,
 Or prohibited wrongs. We need him as
 As a light, set upon a bushel, to dispel
 The clouds of political commotion,
 And vindicate his party's rights, which are
 Assail'd by demagogues and squirts, expectant
 For office. We need him I say, and here's
 A head, that never dodged a bullet;
 Here's a body, that fronted danger in
 All its attitudes; here's an arm, that fought in
 The war of Mexico, and here's my well
 Temper'd blade, that did mischief in the
 Roaring battles, and with it I can sever
 The dungeon grates as gossamer webs, as
 Cornstalks, and conduct Blumor, the Demigod
 Politician, triumphant from such a
 Place, from such a hole, from such a hell. [*Exit.*]

SCENE II.—*A Room in Blumor's House.*

Servt. Some ones knocks.

Mrs. B. Open the door. [*Servant opens and goes out.*]

Enter BUXTON and HAUTHORN.

Mrs. B. Walk in gentlemen, you are my husband's
 Friends, your welcome to his house, welcome to
 His hospitalities; be seated, make yourselves
 At home. Any news, any tidings
 From my husband? He's making many friends,
 I hope.

Hau. He's well, but—

Mrs. B. Leave out the but, if he's well, that's joy
 Enough to hear.

Hau. But he has been in prison!

Mrs. B. Well, what of that? 'Tis no disgrace to visit
 Such a place, to pity the poor criminals;
 Those wretched inmates there, those forlorn
 People, need pity however mean they are;
 They will bless the hand that lendeth sympathy
 In their helplessness; my husband's
 Familiarity with the unfortunate,
 Does not frighten me; he's pure, and blameless,
 Nor will the prison's contagion, hang to
 His garments.

Hau. But he is in prison now.

Mrs. B. Well, that only proves him a charitable Man; his being there, this act, and similar Acts of charity, will console him, when He is old, and life decayed.

Hau. But he is in prison for disobedience To our laws.

Mrs. B. I believe it not, none is more Obedient, noble, good, than Henry Blumor. When a boy, at sufferings, he Would sadden; if his parents were sick, he Would refuse his food, and weep; if his Neighbors swore, he would weep at their Profanities; he was a peace-maker to his Little playmates at school, and always Obedient to his teacher; now has he Fallen from obedience, to disobedience? From honor, to dishonor?—no, I believe It not!—you are trifling with me, in Relating this unfounded news. 'Tis a Flying report, that you have magnified, Added to, knowing that I love my husband Tenderly, to vex me in his absence! What, in prison for disobedience to our laws?— I believe it not.

Hau. But he is in prison for theft.

Mrs. B. You are liars,—'tis false,—'tis false. (*Faints.*)

[HAUTHORN, *frightened, rings for servant.*]

Enter SERVANT.

Ser. What's wanting?

Hau. Essences,—essences,—cinnamon,—peppermint,— Paregoric,—laudanum, quick; quick; I'll Break your skull.

Ser. Yes sir; Oh! my lady's ill. (*Exit.*)

Hau. I believe she is dead, her pulses Refuse to beat; the blood has deserted Her face; 'tis as pale as paper; her tongue, That sang so sweetly, that talk'd so Beautifully, will soon be cold. It grates The soul, pares it away with sorrow, to Think the tongue, that containeth warmth, Longer than any other part of the human System; the rattling, prattling part, That exciteth mobs, and moveth multitudes, Should be cold and stiff between the jaws; The eyes glassy, the limbs motionless; to die— Oh! ye gods, what an irreparable calamity!

Re-enter SERVANT, with a phial.—HAUTHORN holds it to Mrs. B.'s nose.

Bux. I was for not informing her, you would,—
Now you see, you have done her more harm than good ;
But it is the way of men over-smart,
To follow the dictates of their own heart ;
You have been the cause of this lady's death,—
Your tidings, caus'd her to lose her breath.
And Hawthorn, if she never gets it back,
I will desist following in your track.

Mrs. B. (Recovering.) Gentlemen, help me to arise,
Don't look at me with such surprise,
You have no joy sirs, in your eyes ;
I need your assistance, therefore assist me.
Hawthorn, give me a little wine,
Or something in the strengthening line !
Oh ! you have almost murdered me, with this sad, sad news.
Do I not look pale and wild,
I'm weak as a helpless child ;
Though weak, and feeble I be,
This night, my husband I'll see :
To know of him, wherefore the wretched cause
Of his disobedience to our laws.

[Exeunt, taking Mrs. B. to her apartment.]

SCENE III.—*Outside the prison.—Enter GOODWILL, with sword in hand, walking towards the prison.*

Good. Within yon craggy walls, beneath their moss
Eaten roof, lieth Blumor, struggling with
Fusty vapors, smoking up from cells,
Saturated with filth, the offscouring
Of felons and cut-throats ; he lieth there,
An unhappy victim to confederate
Devils ; whose hearts are petrified, whose
Bowels of compassion are molten sulphur ;
Were they beneath my feet, I'd twist my
Cimeter as an auger, in their eyeballs ;
Lift them on its point, as gewgaws ; be
Drunken with bliss, at their agonies, and
Throes of sufferings : the impossibility
Of such a sweet vengeance, maketh me sad ;
I never felt worse in my life. I could
Not feel worse, were I standing among the dead,
Or walking slowly down to my own grave ;
Thou hated vault ; here is the magic blade,
That will tumble thee with a crash. Leave guards—
Give me fair play, to throw that prison away.

1st. Guard. We are not agents of our will ; we are

Upon duty, the servants of the law,
 And cannot yield to our inclinations.
 We like you as a citizen, and man
 Of valor; but will neither flee your approach,
 Or be frightened at your violence; take care.—

Good. I care for nothing on the earth, or in the skies.

(Advancing.)

2nd Guard. Stand back, stand back;—if you advance nearer,
 If you do but cross the limits allow'd
 Us, you die; forbearance is preferable
 To death,—stand back.

Good. Bid the elephant swallow his proboscis,
 Or the arabian horse to lose his tail. *(Advancing.)*

1st. Guard. Cut him down—bleed him—cripple him.

Good. Bleed the moon, and cripple the stars. *(They Fight.)*

Enter CITIZENS.

1st Cit. He's a noble fellow, look how he fights.

2nd Cit. He has cut down two of the guards.

1st Cit. They outnumber him now.

2nd Cit. Yes, he falls.

1st Cit. I'll take him away. *(They go to remove him.)*

Good. Stop friends, let me here rest,

My blood is ebbing fast;

My life is passing away,

To a bright eternal day;

I must quit this barbarous gloom,

By dying as I do, so soon;

Tell Blumor, Goodwill's head, in death was bow'd,

And by death only, was Goodwill cow'd.

(Staggering to his feet.)

1st. Cit. Great God, what eyes.

Good. Give me the strength of many Sampsons,

Lead me to the pillars that prop the globe;

I'll upset the earth, and ask God

To let me die with these philistines. *(Falls dead.)*

(The body is borne out.)

SCENE IV.—*Inside the prison.*—*Enter MRS. BLUMOR.*

Mrs. B. My husband! *(Weeps.)*

Blu. My wife! *(Affected.)*

Mrs. B. They told me you were here; their sayings were true.
(After a pause.) An eagle once, had compassion upon
 A serpent,—because it had neither wings
 Or feet, and took it in her talons, to
 Show it sights it had not seen.—
 Towards the sun she flew,
 Through the either blue;
 His snakeship enjoy'd the trip, was pleas'd,

Dazzled, intoxicated.

The upper worlds, with pleasure he saw,

Till his appetite began to know ;

Now then quoth he,

Enough I see ;—

I've seen the glories that are thine,

Thou shalt see the glories that are mine ;—

And winding himself around the eagle,

She was borne struggling, fluttering back to earth,

Fetter'd in his coils. You've been compassionate

To the people ; relieved their wants, scattered

Your wealth among them, like barley corn ;

Sacrific'd your intellect, in pointing

Them to glory, and honor—Lifted them

Above their narrow wants.—Lead them on by

Your brilliant attainments, 'till vanity

Made them alike brilliant, and so eager

For offices and spoils, that you are displac'd,

To give them a place, ensnar'd on the pathway

To fame, in the mid heavens, in the political

Sky ; by their rivalries you are dragg'd down.

'Twas with their machineries of malice, and

Bloated enmities, and not as 'tis said

For disobedience to our laws, that you

Are immur'd here. As the serpent to the eagle,

So is Blumor to the people.

In my eye, you are not disgrac'd, for I

Know my husband will outlive this shame, and

Triumph o'er his enemies.

Blu. Thou load-stone of grief; removal my angel

Wife. I thank my stars for such a wife, nor

Would I exchange thee for cities full of gold.

'Tis thy pleasant way, to excuse faults,

Lighten accidents, and make my burdens

Easy borne. A perspicuous metaphor

Hast thou drawn, wherein I'm excusable,

And the people blamable. Thou art right ;

They did imprison me, but I forgive them,

As I expect to be forgiven.

Mrs. B. Forgive them !

Anathemas be upon the people, when

Ready to pluck the fruits of expectation :

May their eyes open upon ruin ; their hands

Fall upon blasted hopes, handle the

Scorpion's sting ; may their stomach sour

To refuse their savory dishes ; may they

Perish, for want of appetite to eat.

No calamity would scourge them enough,

For what they have done to you, my husband.

Oh! think of it, confined in this dark hole
 For naught; excluded from the panorama
 Of heaven; the climbing hills, and bowery
 Dales, not a solitary star, or moon's ray,
 To greet the eager gaze; naught but these
 Stain'd walls, and frightful relics of prior
 Tenants. O my husband!

Blu. Censure not the people, they are mistaken;
 Not to blame, in thinking I'm a guilty wretch;
 Their thoughts are right, their actions right, and by law
 Exempt from censure. A virtuous people, holds
 In contempt, the man who disrespects his
 Countries laws, and does acts of violence.
 Therefore I'm held in contempt, for 'tis said
 I'm an aggressor, a notable thief, that
 Steals by sleight of hand. My conscience is clear,
 I'm satisfied of my own innocence,
 And have patience to bear all sufferings,
 'Till my suppos'd guilt is remov'd, and I'm
 Again the unsulli'd leader of a great
 Political party. Then my wife, we'll
 Embrace the shiftless joys of earth, the
 Lovely trance of better days, enjoy God's beautiful
 Creation, the spangl'd sky, glassy lakes,
 Mossy groves, icteritious flowers, and
 Mountain deck'd huey minarets.

Mrs. B. O! Henry, let me bend over thee, and
 Touch thy eloquent lips with a kiss;
 Lighten thy cares and make thee as happy
 As thou wast at our honey moons earliest
 Period. Let me pet thee, as thy mother
 Didst in infancy;—brush back thy locks
 And behold myself in the mirrors of thy soul.
 Thou art so good, to forgive an enemy,
 That in thy forgiveness, I do lose the
 Bitterness of my soul, my rancor, and
 Enmity; to coincide with thee, my
 Husband, in thy God-like sentiments,
 I will share thy fate; thy bed, shall be my
 Bed; but this straw pallet, this filthy room,
 How repugnant.

Blu. My only star of hope, my gentle wife,
 Were I the wretch the people make me; were
 I dishonor'd in my own opinion,
 Thou shouldst share my fate, to be wretched in
 This prison, to sleep upon this oaken
 Floor, with bugs, and many creeping things,
 I'd drag thee to my level; without remorse
 For thy sufferings, and gloat upon thy

Fading beauty. As thou knowest, I am
 No wretch, being a man of honor as
 I am, a woman of obedience as
 Thou art, thou shalt respect mine honor, be
 Obedient still, and seek an abiding
 Place here, to cheer me in confinement;
 Though all places be hallow'd where thou art,
 This foul air thou must not breathe of thy own
 Accord.

Mrs. B. I will be obedient to my husband.

Blu. Then go home; you have a home of luxury,
 With airy rooms all mirror'd. You have the
 Softest beds, with oil-silken sheets, and damask
 Coverlids, snowy satin pillows,
 Crenulated with rolls of eider-down.
 When thou prayest, art in a devotional
 Act, there are costly sofas for thee to
 Kneel upon; when thou awaketh from thy
 Slumbers, soft velvet footstools gallop to
 Thy feet. You have handy servants to do
 Your bidding, and can have ev'ry temporal
 Wish gratified. 'Tis a desirable home,
 Therefore go to it—remain there—if thou
 Wouldst be a comfort to thy husband.

Mrs. B. I will go, adieu, adieu, my husband! (*Going.*)

Jailor. Through this door, mam;—this is the door.

(*They come to a grave.*)

Mrs. B. Why, here's a grave!

Jailor. Yes mam.

Mrs. B. Whose grave is it?

Jailor. Goodwill's.

Mrs. B. Goodwill's! My husband's friend, who lost his life
 In attempting his rescue. I will show him
 Some tribute of respect. I will kneel
 To his grave. (*Kneeling and after a pause.*) Most noble Goodwill!
 Thou lieth beneath this arid hill. Thy
 Magic cimeter will do thee good no more!
 Brown's confederates may turn it into
 Plough-shares, and pruning-hooks. Thou art lost;—
 Lost to thy friends, lost to thy party, and
 I mourn thy loss as Rachel weeping for
 Her children. But I do not wish thee back
 Like a Lazarus, for thou wast unhappy
 Here, art happy there; wast a citizen
 Here, art a subject there;—thy pure spirit
 Will inhale eternal glory; gather
 Flowers from amaranthine bowers;
 Scrutinize the whole concordant throng of God,
 Which move in cadence to his omnipotent nod.

Clad in eternity's vesture, the purple
Linen of paradise; thou wilt be a
Star of Bethlehem, and heaven thy
Resting place, forever, forever.

ACT III.

SCENE I.—*Enter PETOCINE, CARRAL and McPHERRIE.*

Pet. Believe it not, Carral, that I can wear a
Pleasant look, and be cheerful, when baffled
Thus. I've seen enough of this contest, to
Know we are defeated men. Tell me not
About your hopes, they are shadowy,
Unfraught with interest, and valued as
A bubble; I'm a disappointed partisan,
Gloomy on its account, therefore unfit
To be consulted, or to consult.
The head is heavy when the heart is heavy;
I'm heavy every where, and a slave
To depression.

Car. Let not discouragements wrong you, because
Your influence availeth aught; because
Your labor is unrewarded, and Brown's
Defeat seems possible; be active, till
It is available; labor, 'till rewarded;
Lift your head above the current of
Blighted prospects; gaze at the world with
Eagle eyes; be zealous, the energetic
Maketh some impressions, which are
Imperceptible in making; flag not now,
At the eve of the election, when needed most,
When we should appear the most courageous;
If we weep, the enemy rejoiceth;
If halt, the enemy progresseseth;
Why allow it, this vantage ground, by clinging
To dejection, because we are in the
Minority; why slaves to melancholy;
Despondency brings neither wealth nor honor;
Why therefore despond; 'tis as a wilted
Cabbage, a sun-burnt vegetable.
Because you, and you, are sad, shall I catch
The contagion, to droop and sorrow, like
An old maid, or husbandless lady? No,
I will not be frightened, at every thing
Which seemeth unfavorable to our cause;—
Political affairs may yet change,
And Brown obtain a victory.

McP. Lets hear no more—hush it up, Carral;
Your words are without balm, to disappointments;
And but aggravations, to sorrow;—neither
Of us can arrest impossibilities,
Or ameliorate our destinies.
When dejection cometh, it must be borne;
If there was any preventive, it would
Never come, being by no means a welcome
Visitor.

Car. Well, the world is faulty, I admit, or
The people who make it;—you, and you, are
So, and so is Brown, whose time is spent too
Much among the ladies. They are his ruin,
And make him more a gallant than a
Politician.

Enter ERRAND BOY.

E. Boy. Gentlemen, Mr. Brown sends his respects, is in
excellent spirits, has glad tidings to impart, and desires your
company immediately.

Car. Come along, lets see what it is. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—*A Room in Brown's House.*

(*BROWN walking and talking.*)

Brown. I'm trembling, every muscle dancing, a
Consequence of this unexpected luck
And sudden joy. Cannot I now boast I'm
Fortune's favor'd child, when my opponents threaten'd
With the lash, disgrac'd, sham'd, beyond the hopes
Of shame's erasure. My friends must know it,
I'm eager to let them know it; I've sent
For Petocine, Carral and McPherrie.
My errand boy's just gone; only a few
Moments; yet those moments seem an hour.
This impatience, this anxiety, to impart
This joy—But here they come! My friends are coming!

Enter PETOCINE, CARRAL and McPHERRIE.

Pet. We came in haste, be hasty, to let us know
Your important news, from whence, and wherefore.

Brown. A few nights ago, my head was bow'd;
To-night, its an inch taller. A few nights
Ago, Blumor was the hue and cry;
To-night, with the populace, it's damn Blumor,
And hurrah for Brown! This is glorious
News, for a once hopeless candidate.

Pet. Glorious. But how do you account for this
Mutability among the people?

Brown. Blumor has committed robbery, or
Theft, for which he is imprisoned.

Pet. Imprisoned!—Indeed thou tellest us good news.
 Why Brown, your election's safe.—This thrilling
 News, it has erected all my faculties;
 I can toss my hat like a rampant boy,
 And leap like a wild deer at it.

Brown. More news I have, that bulldog Goodwill,
 Attempting to rescue Blumor, was kill'd.

Pet. Good, good, better still, excellent.—Have you
 Any whiskey here? These lips must sip it;
 This mouth must drink it. Oh! for a dram to
 Soothe this boisterous gratification.
 This intelligence, my dear sir, will add
 Months and years to my existence. I must
 Stand upon my head, as a manifestation
 Of my satisfaction and entire content.

McP. I'll follow suite. (*Stand upon their heads.*)

Brown. They have gone beside themselves, their heads are
 Where their feet should be. They must be either
 Giving their heels a chance to rejoice, or
 Else they have downward tendencies.—Push
 Them over, Carral, as a preventive to
 An eruption. (*Pushes them over.*)

Car. Get up, gentlemen, and don't give the lie
 To the Philosopher, who says there is
 Reason in all things. There is no reason
 In exchanging the larger for the
 Smaller vessel, the head for the feet,
 And crossing the limits of politeness.

McP. If I'm elated in an irregular
 And tumultuous manner, customs and
 Decorums shall not restrain that elation.
 I care neither for limits nor bounds, and
 Will be flexible to my own appetites.
 When joy cometh, I'll take it, the whole hog
 Or none; and who has the right sir, to advise
 Me in its participations, littles
 By littles; its reception thus, would not
 Be apparent, nor lift me above my
 Daily monotony. I've been laboring
 So long, under the calculation of
 Party defeat, that you should not take
 Exceptions to my method of rejoicing,
 When defeat is no longer possible,
 But remov'd, as by magic. Can't you rejoice?
 Are you not glad of Blumor's downfall?

Car. I'm both glad, and sorry; glad because
 Brown will get elected, sorry because Blumor
 Is disgrac'd; yet it makes him popular
 To my notion; for being thus, he's without

Injury to our party, and those who
 Can do us but a little injury,
 Are more popular, more deserving, than
 Those who can do us a greater injury.
 He's dead now politically ; and when
 Our enemies are dead, 'tis then only
 We acknowledge their virtue. We can afford
 To praise Blumor more since his disgrace,
 Than before it. 'Twill do us good, to gather
 Up all his laudable deeds, and mumble
 Out a few oral regrets, that a man
 So remarkable for such, so talented,
 So useful to his country, should disgrace
 Himself, at the acme of his glory.
 If in sympathizing with enemies,
 We gain friends, I must praise the fallen
 Candidate ; who has never spoke without a laurel,
 Never convers'd without making an impression,
 Never resolv'd, but what it was done.
 Yea, I will go further, and say the whole
 State should be insulted on his account,
 At his imprisonment.

Brown. I scarce can understand him ; sorry for
 Disgrace, yet disgrace is popular ! But
 Let it pass ; for disgrace and popularity
 Travel separate roads. And you'd make friends
 With sympathy ; a strange notion indeed
 It is. What, say the whole state's insulted
 On his account ? Is that the way you'd make
 A friend ? I think, sir, you'd make an enemy.
 I dislike your sympathy, lop it off ;
 Our party is broad enough for all
 Our sympathies ; we have none to give rogues ;
 They'll not get mine—first let them rot and fester.
 I'm for Brown, my sympathies are with Brown ;
 Not that he is a man of color, but
 For self interest ; because Brown is for Brown.
 I'm in for my election, nor do I wish
 To be thwarted with your sympathies ;
 Throw them away, as my expectations are up ;
 Let your aims be to secure my election.

Car. Its security depends upon management,
 Not altogether mine, but mostly yours ;
 I will manage some, you must manage more ;
 Love the people, the men more, the women less ;
 The men can vote, the women cannot ;
 Your time has been employ'd too much in
 Courting Miss Essence. Many votes you lost
 By it, prior to Blumor's disgrace. You must

Court the men till the election, and Miss
 Essence after;—if you would make its surety
 More sure. 'Twas late when we came, its getting
 Later.—Come friend, we'll now adjourn, and do
 Our talking at another time. [*Exeunt P. C. and McP.*]

Enter POST BOY, with papers.

P. B. Mr. Brown, I've brought your papers.

Brown. Very well sir, hand them here; 'tis said you
 Are going to vote for Blumor.

P. B. I am at it—having always voted so,
 I expect to vote so again.

Brown. You are then, a party man, right or wrong,
 And doubly wrong to support Blumor,
 A thief, a rogue, who'll soon be brought to shame,
 With a public trial.

P. B. What's he going to be tried for?

Brown. Larceny.

P. B. What's larceny? You are a lawyer, explain it.

Brown. Larceny is the feloniously taking
 Away the goods and chattels of another.

P. B. Your pronunciation is bad, which did he
 Take, the goods or the cattle?

Brown. Chattels are of two kinds, personal and real;
 He took the personal chattels.

P. B. You must have lost a tooth, or of a sudden
 Become Dutchy. Cattle of two kinds, the
 Personal and real! Well, the real
 Must be those that are fat, and the personal
 Those that are lean.

Brown. "Chattels real, are such as concern or
 Savor of the realty, as terms for years of land."

P. B. Worse still, this time its chatteral. I'll never
 Vote for a man that can't say cattle.

You have lost the use of your head, as well as
 Your tongue. Your reason hath taken its flight,
 And left in its stead foolishness. I can
 Listen at it; but I'm a fool, if I
 Suffer myself to be treated as a fool;
 My ox is fat, therefore he's cattle real;
 But to say he's a term for years of land,
 Is a bald-headed lie.

Brown. Mind how you talk, else your freedom of speech
 Will lead to chastisement.

P. B. What sort of a place is that?

Brown. A place where fools are well treated. See you
 This cane? A few energetic raps with
 This, upon thy silly head, is the place.

P. B. I'll leave—it's time to leave, when big men like

You, wax wrathful, and talk of rewarding
 Ignorance with punishment. Blumor's worth
 A half a dozen such as you; I've never
 Known him to insult a man, however
 Feeble in opinion, or mean in appearance.
 Blumor is my candidate.

Brown. Blumor is an ass, sir.

P. B. He's no common ass, sir, and the man who
 Calls him thus, is doubly an ass.

Brown. Thou dog; thou bundle of insults. Have you
 Ever seen a muddy river, its banks
 Overflowed with rushing waters?

P. B. I have, sir.

Brown. What made it muddy?

P. B. The mud, sir.

Brown. Well, simpleton, as mud stains the waters,
 So passions stain the soul. You are to me,
 As mud to water; have stirr'd me up;
 I'm mad, inundated with anger;
 Yet the man of honor, should not notice the
 Low-born cur;—else I'd flog you co-instanti.
 'Twould be a dishonorable act, making
 You my equal; nevertheless, I scarce
 Can refrain from doing so. Therefore—leave—leave.

[*Exeunt Brown, kicking at Post Boy.*]

SCENE III.—*A Trial in the Court House, after the sitting of the
 Judge, and empanneling the Jury.*

Solicitor. May it please your Honor, the first case
 Upon the docket, is one of larceny.
Buttercock vs. Blumor.

Judge. Is the defendant ready for trial?

Blu. I'm ready, may it please your Honor.

Judge. The Solicitor will proceed with the case.

Sol. Mr. Sheriff, call Joler, Junc, Carracat, Shanks and
 Ferrost, into Court. (*They enter.*)

Sol. Come forward, Mr. Joler, I'll examine
 You first. Go on, tell his Honor and
 Gentlemen of the Jury, all about
 Buttercock's pocket-book.

Jol. Blumor stole the book, sir.

Sol. Did you see him steal it?

Jol. I did, sir.

Sol. Well, tell all about it; how it was taken;
 When and where.

Jol. 'Twas taken in the street, where we, the witnesses,
 Were group'd together, talking with Mr. Blumor,
 About his fair prospects of election,

And other trifling matters, for the
 Amusement of the crowd. We cheer'd him up,
 Made him bouyant with hope, in proffering
 Our support, and in pledging him our votes.
 A man seem'd never to rejoice more,
 At this addition to his party ;
 And in the height of his gayety,
 He said he felt himself highly flatter'd
 With our intentions, and commenced shaking
 Cordially our hands, as if we were old friends.
 While doing so, and going through this
 Ceremony with his right hand, his left
 Did wander, found its way in Buttercock's
 Pocket, and lifted therefrom all his wealth,
 His plenarious pocket-book.

Sol. What then did he do with it?

Jol. Cramm'd it slyly in his own pocket.

Sol. Has he ever been suspicion'd of such things before ?

Jol. His neighbors do give him a bad name, and
 Deem him a man of evil deeds ; for several
 Years ago, some of them were plundered
 On the way home from marketable towns,
 Robb'd of money justly gotten in the
 Vendition of the annual products
 Of their land. About that time, Blumor prosper'd ;
 His neighbor's losses seem'd to be his gain ;
 Circumstances were against him, and the
 People had their thoughts.

Judge. That's not admissible evidence,
 Nor can it have any bearing for the plaintiff,
 Or against the defendant.

The witness must confine himself to the
 Case in *esse* ; his doubtful surmises, and
 Distant conjectures, have naught to do
 With the suit pending.

Sol. Stand aside, Mr. Joler.

Judge. (*To the Solicitor.*) To save time, and expedite the
 Business of the Court, let the other witnesses
 Be sworn, as to the verity of Joler's
 Testimony.

Sol. Come forward, gentlemen. Do each of you
 Solemnly swear, what the witness says is
 The truth, the whole truth, and nothing else but
 The truth, so help you God ? (*They kiss the book.*)

Sol. I'm through with the witnesses, your Honor.

Judge. Has the defendant any questions to ask ?—
 Any witnesses to examine ?

Blu. None at all, may it please your Honor.

Judge. The Solicitor then will address the Jury.

Sol. May it please your Honor, and gentlemen of The Jury:—This is one of the most Palpable cases that ever occur'd in the state, Wherein the defendant is guilty; Being so, the Court expects a verdict Guilty at your hands. I see no other Alternative, but ponder the case well. If you find a chance to acquit him, I'll be proud of his acquittal, for he's Faultless in all things, save this; and I do Give him credit for his hitherto Exemplary life: this his misfortune I regret, it gives me pain, it must be Painful to all intelligent men: but However painful, my duty I must Perform it, and admonish you to abide The testimony that proves him guilty, Inasmuch as you are sworn to do it: 'Twill save your consciences, and justice hold In its regular course. There is none, no man Bless'd with the spirit of christianity, Who rejoiceth in the sufferings of His fellow-men. You are christian men, and Will give relief as far as you are able. If it was not for the law this day, you Would acquit Blumor, for I perceive the People like him, irrespective of his Unlicens'd conduct. Yes, gentlemen, you Would acquit him, and have happy consciences At having done a charitable act; At having justified an aggressor, With a decision, without punishment, Without guilt; though wrong, you are forgiven,—Go sin no more. You are merciful, and Mercy is the predominant trait of A tender-hearted man. As charity Begins at home, so should mercy: we should Be merciful first to ourselves, then to Our neighbors; for if we do pity the Guilty, and give countenance to their actions, We cheat ourselves, weaken our securities, And render our laws less available; Then the law should be of no effect. 'Tis better to suppress your sympathies, Give up natural, for legal determinations, As the duty we owe to our country, In conforming to its laws, is paramount To individual duty. I ask You gentlemen, should a multitude of

Men be injur'd for the benefit of
One man? You must think not; I think not,
Though it has been the case. Excitement and
The magnetism of oratory, have
Lifted human reason above all bounds
Of justice and equality;
Thwarted fix'd purposes; converted decisions
To indecisions; intoxicated sobriety;
Stagger'd the calculating;
Mov'd all things to its pliances and touch;
Disenthrall'd thralldom; snatches the hopeless wretch
From the bowels of ready death; acquitted
Felons, to the harm and deterioration
Of communities. I know you have
Sympathies for the defendant; if appeal'd
To, you should not forget yourselves, but be
Men. Because Blumor is rich, and talented,
'Tis no inducement to show him either
Favors or leniencies; treat him as
You would the poor and ignorant; meet
Unjust actions with the tributes of justice.
Let all offences be treated rigorously
And alike; whether the offender
Be rich or poor, noble or ignoble;—
For the law's without partiality,
And applicable to all alike.
Furthermore, if Blumor's not punished, as
An example for the benefit of others,
Some will follow his example, be lead
Astray, drifted afloat, entangled in
Difficulties, under the light of false
Colors and impressions. If such privileges
Are allow'd a distinguished person with
Impunity, they should be allow'd a person
Without distinction. To safety, justice,
One must be treated like another;
All having access to the same rights and
Privileges. Therefore you must bring the
Defendant in guilty, who justly deserves
Such a verdict, not only for disgrace
To himself and kindred, but for disappointing
His many friends, who gave him their support,
Through thick and thin, raised him to enviable
Positions, made him a leader in this great
State; a bright star at our national helm,
Proudly brilliant, till ruin'd by stealth,
The robbery of honest Buttercock;—
Then his gloss and glory fled, and all his
Greatness seem'd a fable.

Blu. May it please your Honor, and gentlemen
Of the jury:—How is it, am I a rogue?
'Tis proven so, by men of honor. Yet
I am no rogue; as free from it as an
Infant, or an idiot, whose without
The knowledge of all rogueries; but I am
Unable to impress you with this belief.
Accus'd falsely as I am, to overwhelm
Me in disgrace: I'm ruin'd, but to affect
It, my enemies stand perjur'd, and
Will some day get their deservings.
Nothing I deny, as 'tis right, freely admit
Things as they are. The pocket-pook was found
About my person; but when and how it
Got there, I cannot tell. The witness's say
They know; have sworn I slyly stol'd it.
'Tis not so.—They are liars! Being unable
To make inroads upon mine honor
By fair means, they did resort to foul;
Entangled me in their machinations.
What can I expect, a man ensnar'd, thus caught;
Not your sympathy, for you've been
Exhorted to refuse me that; though innocent,
I have no hopes of an acquittal.
Disgrace stares me in the face; of my
Situation I am aware, and would
Exchange it with felons. If whipp'd, I live
To know my shame; if hung, death's preferable,
For with it, all tribulations are ended.
And animosities hush'd. Were I guilty,
I could expect nothing at your hands,
For that's an irremovable stain.
Human assuranc's and decrees can stay
Punishments, stop executions, but
Heaven's prerogative only can wash the
Guilty mind, and extract unhallow'd tints
From man's base fabric; false eloquence may
Misguide, but not relieve the guilty.
Were I cheer'd up, exhilarated with
Stirring music, with a brass band, at ev'ry
Pause in declamation, I could not
Remove guilt; the jarring voice, attn'd
To a key of melody, utter'd in low
Strains of fervor, cannot remove guilt.—
Thank God I'm not guilty, and with this
Assertion, can look Gods or devils in
The face. My body may be slain, not my soul.
The flesh may be flay'd, punish'd, while the
Soul, the spirits untouch'd; but the one has

Sympathy for the other. Cruelties
 And sufferings will bend the will, and make
 It subject to tyrants. Men will flinch at pain,
 And cry aloud, under rack and torture,
 And under which cruel process, they will
 Do, and promise any thing, renounce their
 Principles to get relief; but when reliev'd
 Will disregard their promises, and live
 According to long establish'd notions.
 At pain and miseries, I have a horror,
 And like some, could never suffer martyrdomism
 For religious opinions, or any favorite
 Principle. I would renounce all, and whatever
 I could not avow in public, would
 Cherish in secret; would be a hypocrite
 Through necessity; take the shortest cuts to
 Get relief;—like a slave chastis'd, who says
 Any thing to appease his master's wrath,
 For which he's unaccountable. 'Tis his
 Mode of relief from pain. A person stricken
 With cholic, will freely take the strongest
 Medicines, or any thing to quite the
 Convuls'd system. If you make me guilty,
 As a consequence, if scourg'd, I may ask
 Mercy at the hands of my enemies;
 A thing which I cannot do as I am.
 They have me on the hip, in a desperate
 Box. The witness's are my enemies,
 For they do not belong to my party.
 They say I stol'd the money; this I
 Have denied. I had the money, but without
 My knowledge. As soon as 'twas discover'd,
 As soon as I found its owner, all my
 Wealth was proffer'd to compromise this
 Matter, which was refus'd; disgrace and
 Corporal punishment, being more desirable.
 Considerations like these, should awaken
 Doubts. If you have a doubt I'm not guilty,
 But under the impositions of demons
 And false-hearted men, upon this plea you
 Can acquit me; if otherwise, do your
 Duty. I'm ready for the worse, and must
 Submit to your decision.

Judge. You can take the case, gentlemen of the jury;
 'Tis so plain, a charge is unnecessary;
 So plain, that boys of fifteen could decide it;
 So simple, "a wayfaring man, though a fool,
 Therein need not err." (*The Jury retire.*)

Blu. May it please your Honor, that the jury

Will convict me I am sure ; at least I
 Labor under this impression: feel
 Over anxious for my fate, as if really
 Guilty, and beg mercy that my penalty
 Be light. My disgrace and shame you cannot
 Remedy ; 'twill follow me to the grave.
 But in the stead of corporal punishment,
 You can exact my wealth, to compensate
 Mine injur'd enemy, and fill the coffers
 Of the state ; at which I'll be satisfied,
 And pass through the world poor and penniless,
 To be exempted from the lash.—But enough,
 The jury are returning.

Judge. Gentlemen, are you agreed ?

Foreman. Agreed.

Judge. What's the verdict ?

Foreman. The defendant guilty.

Blu. Just as I expected. Your Honor will
 Not swerve from justice. Your Honor will not
 Blemish his legal eclat, in adjudging
 Me a humane penalty ;—but why not ?
 I do protest my innocence ; should an
 Angel protest it, a million witness's,
 The hills, mountains, murmuring ocean
 Echo it, I could not be more innocent.
 Then most noble Judge, touch me with your
 Legal scepter ; treat an innocent man
 With commiseration ; demand his wealth for
 Reparation ; let his fortunes be forfeited
 To the state, but don't subject his person
 To the lash. Let your humanity
 Extend thus far, and I, a disappointed
 Humble man, will be indebted to your
 Honor, the remnant of my life.

Judge. I cannot believe you, without disbelieving
 The honorable witness's. You may be
 Innocent, but your bold bearing, and open
 Countenance, is an unwise criterion
 To go by. Your tongue is oily, and with
 It, you can partly hide your faults and
 Spotted character, as the creeping snail,
 Conceal'd in its portable shell, we do
 Not see it, but we know its there. From looks
 Or jestures, I do not perceive your guilt,
 But I know you are guilty, or why should
 Men of honor, science, learning, affirm it
 With an oath ?—To effect your ruin, could
 Not induce such men to perjury.
 You are guilty, sir, and I regret it.—

But as this is the first offence, I must
 Be lenient, though not in exacting
 Your wealth, for that would leave you poor;
 But in making your penalty light.—
 For offences like yours, it has ever
 Been the custom to punish the offender
 With thirty-nine stripes. You shall receive but
 Half that number, which is nineteen and a
 Half. The Sheriff will conduct you hence,
 And inflict the penalty.

Sher. May it please your Honor, I don't know
 How to strike half a lick.

Judge. Nothing easier; after giving him
 Nineteen strokes, split your paddle, and with one-
 Half, give him another. [*Exeunt all to the whipping block.*]

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—*Three weeks after the trial.*—*A Room in Blumor's House.*—HAUTHORN and BUXTON, unobserved, heard BLUMOR giving vent to his meditations.

Blu. I am what I should not be, ruin'd without
 A cause, unjustly scourg'd, an atom curs'd,
 Bruis'd in the scale of the universe. Thou
 Great Judge of right and wrong; O! ye supernal
 Powers, sufferest thou the innocent
 Thus used; trampled down by ostentatious
 Devils. As vengeance is thine, let my wrongs
 Quickly be aveng'd, and my enemies
 Nonplus'd. How long must they triumph? How
 Long exult at my dessolation and
 Miseries? O! lift my feet from this pit
 Of miry clay! Let me be freed from the
 Schemy tricks and vile ingenuities
 Of my vile race, or I can never show
 My face more, never be seen more, but must
 Be a lasting reproach to the virtuous
 And law-loving people, "of my own, my
 Native land."

Hau. (*Coming up from behind.*) You never will, sir, the day
 Is not far distant, when Henry Blumor, will scintillate
 The brightest star in the galaxy of
 Our Union; and rise roughshod o'er his
 Present ungodly enemies. Life now may
 Seemingly be a curse; and hope, hopeless.
 You are in trouble, you look so, and I
 Judge so, having purposely overheard

Your words of despondency. Trouble must
 Have its course. You can lose nothing more
 Than is already lost; to withdraw from
 The political field, some would judge it
 The consequence of guilt. It ill becomes
 The statesman, to brood o'er his wrongs in
 Melancholy indolence; for he must
 Take that which cannot be averted.
 So must we all. You've been unfortunate,
 That we know: for your misfortunes fell
 Heavily upon your friends. They have
 Consulted for your interest, and its
 Their advice that you remain a candidate.

Blu. If there was any chance, any possible
 Chance to get elected, or to advance
 My party interest, I would follow
 Their advice, and labor as I was wont
 In my palmiest days. There is no chance;
 Mine is a hopeless future; without
 Political faith; without popularity;
 Without courage, and manly confidence.
 Therefore look up some other man to head
 Our party; and here thoughtful let me be,
 Till time exhausts each passion, checks each thought,
 Which wander tumultuously o'er the
 Incidents of life, from youth till manhood.

Hau. We'll have no other man, we'll seek no other
 Man; you are our candidate, the people's
 Choice; and your services are needed in
 The field. Brown's daily canvassing, making
 Public speeches. You are not afraid of Brown;
 Then meet him;—if defeated, you'll have many
 Sympathizers; if elected, the plaudets
 Of triumph will jar the state. Leave this
 Your retreat, be cheerful and circulate
 Among the people.

Blu. Be cheerful! Is this your advice? A man
 Chastis'd, wrong'd, as I am. Why, sir, 'tis
 Impossible;—and circulate among
 The people; meet their rebuk's, be scrutiniz'd
 By the finger of scorn; designated
 A thief.—I never can, sir: my prosperous
 Days are ended; the fire which once burn'd
 In my soul, seems to have gone out. I would
 Be mad; assume the appearance of the
 Maniac; foam like the wild boar, to ignite,
 To kindle only a spark of that fire,
 Which purified once the feelings of my
 Nature, modelling them into language

And sentiment, divinely beautiful.
 How irksome it is to labor, pant, move,
 Restlessly desire something and obtain
 Nothing. Is the soul dead, when it seems brilliant,
 Thinks brilliant, but neither acts or speaks brilliant?
 If not, 'tis better to be not flatter'd
 With such useless brilliancies. Of what profit
 Is a grand conception, invention, or
 Any thing else, if it remains burri'd
 In the soul? My talent, and every useful
 Acquirement, must now fall uselessly
 About me; my soul become torpid, and
 The fire which hitherto made it fruitful
 Of imagination, must make it dross.
 But if the world had all my thoughts from the
 Years of discretion up, ev'ry wild fancy
 That compass'd me about, in an irregular
 And tumultuous manner, I would be
 Satisfied; rather be what I am than
 The greatest genius that ever liv'd.
 I would sit crown'd the mental Andes of
 The Universe, and my hoary summit
 Would be laden with the gratitude and
 Praises of posterity.

Hau. You are an extraordinary man,
 Have gather'd earthly honors, pull'd down
 Prurient vice; reap'd fame, immortal as
 The sea; beautiful as the rainbow,
 Encircling God's horizon. But the great
 Difficulty is in making you believe it.
 Men of talent genius, are timid, wilful
 Beings:—you are so, else one gross shame could
 Ne'er reduce nature's favor'd child, to
 Irresolution and inaction.
 Repel timidity, unpopular misgivings;
 Meet calmly the scowling look of incens'd
 Enemies. You have nothing to dread;
 You are not dead, Blumor, lift up your head;
 Behold thy attainable jail glimmering
 Distantly; bequeath thy gloom to spectors;
 Rise like a Neptune out of the sea;
 Thy prosperous days, sir, are not ended,—
 Far from it; no band of demagogues,
 No party clique, can bar thy future glory;
 'Twill be as lasting as the hill, where thou
 Didst play a shepherd's boy, and taught thy
 Dog to bark. I beseech you, by childhood's
 Recollections; by wife and beauteous offspring;
 Be advis'd by friends, and you'll escape the
 Gauntlet of dishonor.

Bux. (*Coming up from behind.*) Come, come, friend Blumor,
 'Twill never do; from this quiescent spot, you must issue;
 Go forth a politician as of yore,
 And act as you have acted heretofore.
 To be punish'd, whipp'd, is no disgrace,
 If the whipping is judged out of place;
 This thing, strive to make the people believe,
 And a great alteration you'll perceive.
 Care neither more for rebukes or slander,
 Than the farmer does for his cackling gander.
 Reproaches in the end will flee the brow,
 Of the many who persecute you now.
 If, sir, you are a victim of abuse,
 You can make it of profitable use;
 Proclaim, cry persecution, like a man,
 And your great party will keep in the van.
 Why if some only had your luck and chance,
 They'd think themselves elected at a glance!
 He who takes by stealth another's fat pig,
 Makes him none the less a federal whig;
 Who purloins his neighbor's favorite cat,
 Can be still a punctual democrat.
 The people want something to talk about,
 You can be their theme;—then, sir, come out;
 Roll thy wheel of fortune through the masses,
 And trample down all political asses.

Blu. Urge me no further, I will yield, remain
 Your candidate, though 'tis a bitter pill,
 Against my wishes, against self-interest;
 But I will respect your wishes, make them
 Preferable to my own;—and my opponent
 I'll meet him, at his next appointment.
 When is that?

Hau. On Wednesday next, at the Village Corkscrew,
 His native place.

Blu. Think you he'll be there?

Hau. Yes indeed, if not detain'd by Miss Essence,
 The Maid of Surry.

Blu. The Maid of Surry! 'Twas thought once she did
 Reject him.

Hau. She did, but being now without opposition,
 And deem'd a promising candidate, she
 Has given him inducements, to renew his suit.

Bux. And he has renew'd it, and woo's her,
 As if he will never woo another.

Hau. I pity her, the woman who weds him;
 A wild, rattling, unsettled being, shifty
 As the breeze, will be miserable, rue it
 Her whole existence. (*Enter Servant.*)

Ser. Supper's ready.

Blu. Come, gentlemen, walk into supper. [*Exeunt all.*]

SCENE II.—*A Room in Miss Essence's (Maid of Surry,) House.*

Maid of S. Delia, arrange this room, put it in order;
I'll soon be visited by Mr. Brown, my lover.

Delia. What, my Mistress, another visit
So soon as this?—surely he's smitten to
The core.

Maid of S. I am smitten; he is smitten; being smitten
Thus, we enjoy each other's society.
I love him Delia, but must neither
Be too eager to let him know it, or
Seem anxious to see him. Therefore, I'll go
To my room. You know your duty, to give
Intelligence of his arrival. [*Exit.*]

Enter BROWN.

Brown. Delia, how do you do?

Delia. Not so very well, I thank you, sir;
Not so very well. We people in the city,
Do not take the exercise that the people
In the country do, by far: and when we
Omit, when we are derelict in taking
Our accustom'd exercise, in promenading
The streets, we generally do it
By propelling our arms thus, (*striking her chest.*)—"The first,
The last, the best, the Cincinnatus of the West;—
The first, the last, the best, the Cincinnatus of the West."

Brown. What vanity, what vanity:—give this
Card to your Mistress, vain girl. [*Exeunt Delia meeting Maid of S*]

Re-enter MAID OF S.

Brown. (*Singing.*) She advances, she advances,
What pretty sweet glances;
How nicely and easily she skips,
What red parted dewy lips.

Maid of S. (*Sings.*) Dear Johnnie, when last we met,
'Twas known we had met before;
You left with the regret,
That we would meet no more.

Brown. That's magical,—that's magical,—sing on
Thou pretty Maid of Surry.

Maid of S. Excuse me, I cannot, oh! I'm so
Hoarse; but you are not, then sing for me;
Your voice it is so pleasant, its melody
So touching. Now sing—remember your promises.

Brown. (*Sings.*) Maid of Surry, may I ask
A blessing thou canst give,
In thy love, O may I bask,
And in thy presence live.
Maid of Surry, shelter me
From every care and pain,
Still nearer, nearer be,
A paradise to gain.

Maid of Surry, be thou mine,
To ease my troubled breast,
And I too will be thine,
To give thy soul sweet rest.

Maid of S. I will be thine!—My love for thee extendeth
From the Zenith to the Nadir; but since
I am so candid, you must be candid
In return; make known the bounds and limits
Of thy love. O tell me what is love.

Brown. 'Tis a blessed human passion, exciting
The arteries, affecting the system
In toto; and if that thy head be the
Zenith, my love extendeth from the Zenith
To the Centre; and remains there to sip its fill,
In obeying voluptuous will,—
And then—I can't describe it, but thou canst,
O gentle Mary.

Maid of S. Love is as beautiful, as the heliocentric
Rays of heaven, shining upon the spiral
Bosom of celestial chaos. Love
Swells the bosom, buoys the system, lightens
The burden, irradiates the countenance,
Not only of man, but woman. Who hath not
Beheld some fairy damsel, blushing with
Maiden purity? Who hath not paus'd before
Such a sacred vision, while his soul burns
With unearthly ardor? It makes the
Lilliputian feel gigantic, and
The giant as huge as some towering
Chimborazo. Away, away with the heart
That cannot love; I will love, it's my only
Solace.

Brown. And it's my only solace, too, which gives
Me eagle eyes, rosy cheeks, and a
Delicious, unaccountable, giddy joy.
How beautiful it is to bow thus, before
Some paragon of excellence; gently
To press her electric hands, and from her
Ruby lips, to sip the nectar, sweet and warm. (*Kisses.*)

Maid of S. (*Takes his arm.*) How beautiful it is, to stand
Arms-locked, thus; to feel this acute happiness; to
Feel the pulses beat in drowsy bliss;
To know our fond caress's will ne'er be stale
Or trite; to know our love is mutual,
Reciprocal, Eden-like; to know we
Have a future on earth, in which we'll meet
As two mighty waves, to become as one,
In this uncertain, mysterious creation.

Brown. O! divine Mary, my wife ideal;
Quintessent paragon of womanly beauty;

Honey-suckle flower, beneath the weeping
 Willow ; solitary rose in the desert ;
 Oft hath my wild fancy, paus'd before thy
 Ideal image. Thou hast check'd my too
 Frequent thoughts, when my soul was dark, and
 Desponding billows were about to bury
 Me under their flow. Like the lone star
 Bursting from its concealment of a cloudy
 Night, thou stood'st before me ; tumbled disgorg'd
 Masses of rapture about me, at random ;
 Wafted my mind to a land ineffable glory ;
 Bade me slumber, so near letheron waters,
 I forgot I was, that I existed,
 That there was any such being as myself ;
 My wife ideal, when thou art succumb'd
 To these unworthy arms, by means of wedlock,
 Thou wilt be wife real, and I will build
 For thee an airy castle, unstaple
 As the bubble ; for the bubble is, and that
 Is not ; we'll ride in a golden chariot ;
 Drive our coursers o'er the milky-way ;
 And with our lash pop two or three stars
 Spangling from existence ; nod to the moon ;
 Halt on the pedestal of Jubiter ;
 Bask in aerial elements ; take
 Pleasure in riding up and down the bow
 That spans the sky ; recreate in counting
 The raindrops, multiplied by the mist, the
 Fog, the dew, to ascertain the quantity
 Of water in the ocean. Wife ideal,
 Thy airy Palace shall be a beautiful
 Palace, the like Kings never saw ; founded
 Upon a fragment, an emerald left,
 When heaven was finish'd ; built in the middle
 Of a silvery palisade, with golden
 Turrets high in the air, at its ev'ry
 Corner, interspers'd between, suspended
 Upon golden rods, will be our sparkling
 Nectar, in transparent globular
 Canisters, with crystalliz'd tubes, winding
 Up ; and through a monumental spire, ten
 Feet square, a thousand feet high, to the
 Nectarean fount, shingled with gold, from foot to
 Pinnacle ; cornic'd with diamonds, cap'd with
 A capacious whirligig, having monkey evolutions,
 Whirling out ælian melody,
 To ev'ry passing God, in similar strains.—
 " Nectar, nectar, feast of the Gods,—
 Nectar, nectar, feast of the Gods."

Maid of S. Thou genius of North Carolina !

Them inducements to escape. And who are
 You? Do you love your country? Would you take
 Up arms in its defence, or would you be
 Tories? Do you love your God? Do you obey
 His commandments? Thou shalt not covet thy
 Neighbor's ass, his maid servant, nor his man servant.—
 Are we not your neighbors? O Covetous

Generation,—Kneel to thy God, and ask
 Him to blot out thy errors. Canst thou
 Expect to inherit the kingdom of heaven?
 'Tis said thou shalt not steal.—Dost thou steal?
 Let your underground rail-roads, and divers
 Ways invented, to convey our slaves to
 Canada, answer: they are our property,
 As your horses, cattle, swine, are yours.
 Should the South rob you, even of a horse,
 Or any thing less in value, you'd moan
 As a howling dervish, and make the
 Solitudes and rocks resound with such injustice:
 Of how much more value is a slave than
 A horse; judge your own hearts, and see if we
 Can quietly suffer you to take them
 Away by stealth. Your conduct is not
 Justified by the plea of cruelty,
 Or barbarism; for the Southern people
 Are neither cruel or barbarous:
 They are honest, and correct their slaves when
 They deserve it; but they suffer not as much
 From correction, as the bound boys, the white
 Lads of the North, who begs your mercy:
 Whom you punish, and flog, and imagine it's the way
 We treat our slaves. Pull the mote out of
 Your own eyes, purge your own domestic evils,
 And let us alone: we have borne your insults
 And ill treatment long enough; continue it
 And war is inevitable. Do you wish
 To engage with us in fight? You have evil
 Consciences; you cannot face the people
 Of the South: for when the first cannon's fir'd,
 You'll forget human liberty, and tuck
 Your tails, like a flea-bitten cur, on the
 Way trotting to his kennel; show the frogs
 Of your feet, and run like turkeys, so that
 We could laugh at your pusillanimity;
 Despise your courage, defy your threats, as
 We have ever done; and prove that our bravery's
 Coupled with honesty: your dishonesty
 With cowardice, false generosity,
 Assum'd hankering for universal

Liberty. You are as those who pray at
 The corner of streets, in public places,
 To be seen by men. Do you love our slaves,
 And wish them exempted from servitude?
 Will you submit yourselves to taxation
 And buy them? The abolition of slavery,
 Compulsory or by purchase, would affect
 Us: our lands would depreciate in value.
 But we are willing to sacrifice, for
 The peace and preservation of the Union.
 Will you purchase our slaves? No, that would
 Interfere with your purse. You are a cold,
 Calculating set, and choose rather to
 Annoy us with your insolence and threats,
 At which we'll be annoy'd no longer. A
 House divided must fall:—Secession's our
 Motto:—We want a boundary line; half of
 This Union States and Territory shall
 Be ours, or this proud land must crimson with
 Gore.

Cit. That's blood-letting; letting out blood; phlebotomous
 In the extreme.

Blu. Ruin, bleak, and desolating, must gallop
 To every nook and crook. Cities and
 Villages change to ashes; oblivion's
 Gigantic wave roll o'er America's
 Proudest era, wash away memories
 Hallow'd page, and the sacred deeds of
 Bravest chieftains.

Cit. Damn dem isms:—I've got Sal, the old smoke pole,
 What Grand Dad fotch'd down de red skins wid.—
 I'll fotch dem isms wid her, if dare aint be many.

Blu. A few years ago, there were not many,
 But now they are as numerous as the
 San fiddlers on the atlantic coast, and
 Like those creeping things have downward
 Tendencies.

Cit. (*Excited.*) And I say, may the devil grab them
 Tendencies, and speedily drag them beyond
 The light of day.

Blu. This is the happiest moment of my life,
 For I perceive that you are right, that you
 Are patriots of the finest mould, ready
 To strike for your alters and your liberties;
 Ready to kindle the watch-fires of the South,
 And rally around the glorious banner
 Of secession. I'm proud of my countrymen;
 For they will never crouch in humility
 To their foes; nor will they ever discard

Their inheritable pride;—but their is
 One stain, one blemish upon your fair names
 And reputation,—the evils of intemperance; (*Hisses*)
 I am in favor of a prohibitory
 Liquor law.—(*Interrupted with hisses.*)

1st *Cit.* Your fingers need grease.

2nd *Cit.* Don't your pocket feel heavy?

Hau. Gentlemen, is Blumor a dog? Is Henry
 Blumor, who presents all theories to
 The human gaze, as shucks tempest tost,
 A dog, that thou shouldst treat him thus, with
 Interruptions, shock his noble soul with
 Thy vile hisses? If thou hast no sense of
 Propriety, art ignorant, and so
 Unmannerly, (*draws a pistol,*) this shall be your monitor;
 And damn'd is he, who doth persist in giving
 Blumor, the slightest indication of
 Disrespect, for so help me God, I'll send
 Him headlong to his mother dust. (*Intense silence.*)

Blu. The shadow is gone, what I would have said is lost.

Brown. Friends and Fellow Citizens:—Does my opponent
 Believe; can he consent to the secession
 Of states: can he consent to see the tree
 Of liberty fall, by admitting rights
 That will terminate in wrongs? Can he consent
 To see his own proud land, an ocean of want,
 A hemisphere of misery?

Many Cits. He can, he can.

Brown. To be united, is like a main-spring
 Belonging to a watch. To be divided,
 Is like a broken string of beads. To be
 Divided, is to be contentious; and
 Contention indicates ignorance from
 The parties contending. To be united,
 Is to be wise; hitherto we have been wise:
 But if we admit the right of secession,
 Then will we have unlearn'd the lesson
 Taught by blood, and hard experience.
 The eagle will take her last swoop;
 The Chimborazo of the age will totter
 And fall; the proud arm of mute defiance
 Will cease to elevate the starry spangl'd
 Banner; one conglomerated ruin
 Will befall the land of our Fathers;
 The myrtle bowers of this earthly paradise
 Will be hewn down, by the destroying axe
 Of insolence, and savage ignorance.
 Our parterres of flowers and serpentine walks,
 Will no longer fascinate the eye, and be
 A luxury to the soul; all primeval

Patriotism will be lost; the enhancing
 Beauties of the world, will perish in the
 Arms of oppression; the sublime impress
 And characteristics of republican
 Greatness, will be lost in disunions whirl
 And amazement; as each state secedes, slides
 From the Union, so will each star, like some
 Angry meteor, fall from our bellicosus
 Ensign, that floated through ev'ry breeze, while
 Hostile powers rag'd. Then farewell to the
 Land of Washington; then adieu to arts,
 Sciences, the trophies of war, and ev'ry
 Proud achievement shining here, like some
 Orient star. O my countrymen, let us
 Resist the blight and ruin of secession;
 Let us stand by our household Gods, our Alters,
 Our Liberties, and mantain the Constitution.
 Jefferson mantain'd it, Washington maintain'd
 It; 'twas maintained by all our patriot
 Fathers. Had I but one minute to live,
 And my last words demanded for the
 Benefit of mankind, I would point to
 This sacred volume, and with dying breath
 Exclaim, preserve it as the next book to
 The Bible; maintain it as it came from
 The crucible of the revolution. [*Excunt all shouting.*]

ACT V.

SCENE I.—*Three weeks after the Speaking, Citizens comparing Polls.*

1st Cit. Luck, luck for Brown,—a lucky dog, the whole Day out. We've heard from all the Counties save One; he is ahead; I'll bet my hat on His election.—His friends may fix their mouths To make the welkin ring with shouts and Exhulations.

2nd Cit. Mine's fix'd; I'm ready; the rest are ready With their blunderbuss's, as soon as all the Counties are heard from, to send forth a report Lumbering to the stars, to wake old Blumor In his lair, and make him sorry at his Disappointment.

Enter MESSENGER.

1st Cit. How goes the County?

Mess. For Brown, largely, and—

1st Cit. Enough, enough we hear.—Hurra for Brown!

Confusion and excitement; the Citizens disperse, some one way and some another. Shouts and reports of fire-arms outside. BUTTERCOCK, JOLER, JUNC, CARACAT, FERROST, and SHANKS, repair to MIMY'S Grog Shop, to have a spree.

SCENE II.—*In AUNT MIMY'S Grog Shop.*

Enter BUTTERCOCK, JOLER, JUNC, CARACAT, FERROST and SHANKS.

But. Aunt Mimy, we've come to bore you with a spree.

Mi. (*A little deaf.*) Bore me with a screw!—No you wont, I've been bor'd too much already.

But. You don't understand me;—our man he is Elected, and we have come to rejoice Over it, to drink your liquor, and eat Your cakes.

Mi. That indeed; very well, I'm glad to hear it.

But. Can we use your table here, at a game of cards?

Mi. Yes, yes, use it.

But. Draw up your seats, comrades, we'll have a Merry time at whist. (*BUT. JOL. JUNC, CAR. FER. and SHANKS, take seats round the table.*)

Jol. Cut the cards.

Car. Throw round for deal.

Fer. It's my deal, and I'll stock the cards; be sure To give myself and partner all the aces.

But. Aunt Mimy, prepare us supper; coffee, Coffee, ham, eggs, chicken, and other edibles.

Fer. Junc, you and Shanks fill up the glasses, Let us drink, success is ours.—Hurra for Brown!—
“*Dum vivamus, vivamus post mortem.*”

But. Brown's elected, but little does he suspect, Little does any person suspect, nay They must not suspect, that we were the cause Of his election: our designs, perjuries, And falsehoods, must be as deeply hidden From observation, as the centre of the earth.

Fer. And the first among us who makes himself A Judas, to betray us—

But. Him will we make a Judas, for he shall Hang a Judas, die a Judas, and go To hell a Judas.

Car. Good, good:—the glasses, Junc, let us drink. (*Glasses are handed.*)

Fer. Junc, you are so civil,—a toast from Junc.

All. A toast from Junc.

Junc. May you all live as long as you can, But when you can live no longer, May you die in the twinkling of an eye.

Enter CITIZEN, with a string of fish.

Shanks. Vot luck, vot luck ?

Cit. (*Voice fine and coarse.*) First agin a Jack, then agin a Chub,—Gad Omighty dom you flop ear'd soul.

Shanks. Cot tam.

Cit. (*Holding up his fish.*) I say, Aunt Mimy, I'm a man Of functions.

Mi. Get out of here, you nasty foul-mouth wretch ; I shan't have no sich chat as that, in my shop.

Cit. (*To Shanks.*) I say I'm a man of functions, they aint No harm in that, is they ?

Shanks. Vell, I'ce never here it pefore.

Mi. There now, I told you so ;—get out of here, You nasty, foul-mouth wretch ; you shan't Have no sich chat as that, in my shop.

Cit. Gad Omighty dom your flop ear'd soul. [*Exit.*]

Mi. Gentlemen, I've fix'd your supper, come and eat.
(*All seated round the table.*)

But. This is excellent chicken, quite palatable.

Jol. The eggs, too, are well flavor'd.

But. Caracat, eat with your knife, and don't Finger the victuals, at such a rate. I have a feeble stomach.—He's getting drunk, I believe.

Car. Not so,—only thinking about my sweet-heart.

Junc. Ferrost, be more careful, you make me spill My coffee.

Shanks. Peer, peer, more peer.

Car. Fill this glass, old lady ; I'll drink a bumper. Sweet-heart has taken away appetite. (*Mimy fills.*)

Car. (*Staggering from the table.*) Here's to the gal, who Kick'd me flat ; the hesperian fangl'd belle, caparison'd With coquetry, and other accoutrements, Can gasconade the universal conquest, And apennine capture, of her heart smitten Oriental paramour, and edulcorate In accents of phantasm, that her crepusculous Love, was void of solidity, from Alpha To Omega ; that there was no aperture, By which his attenuated sighs, and Love toss'd flambeous, might be inducted To her cordial domicile : but to crimson His cadaverous aspect, she illuminated The essence of passion, before his specticulum, And saw him conglomerated in her Willy incantations. It laments her, That she could not be audible, to all The love pliants trembling on his oracular

Lips. It was her part, and the part of
Discretion, to captivate that unctuous
Hydra; to gratify her hemisphere
Of amusements, in a sextuple ratio;
Epigrammatis, and erectly cubical,
Was her elysium, at the light of that
Truculent fop, ingurgitating
Martyrdomism, from the effects of her
Cylindrical magnetism; with pride and
Popocatapell exultations, she had
Watch'd his aspect retrograding in
Tuberculous deformity, and heav'd
A saponaceous prayer, for the wreck
She had fabricated, to be wash'd from
Its hypochondria, with an antiscorbutic
Panacea, and speedily die, with
Peripneumony. (*Tumbles on the floor.*)

Shanks. Peer, peer, more peer.

Junc. Take some chicken, take some meat. Do you refuse?
Then a Jew will be a Jew, though in America.

Shanks. (*Takes a piece of meat skin and bites it.*) Dece is not
Chicken at all, dece be one leather, von shoe.
Cot tam, cot tam.

But. Your belly goes slosh, slosh;
We ate the solids, and you ate the wash.

Shanks. Cot tam.

Junc. The flesh of swine you'll neither eat or buy,
But the flesh of women you deem savory.

Shanks. Cot tam.

Jol. You live on water and beer,
Because meats and other things are too dear.

Shanks. Cot tam. (*Re-enter CIT.*)

Junc. Here comes the man of fish, Aunt Mimy's foul
Mouth wretch.

Shanks. (*Angerly.*) Vot you come back for, eh?

Cit. Gad Omighty dom your flop ear'd soul.

Shanks. Cot tam. (*FERROST, in a drunken fit staggers to the counter, and gets hold of a book.*)

Fer. Here's a book, old and musty, the work of
John Bunyan, and who reads it? Who holds it
In his hands around the winter fireside?

Who has it in his library? The
Fashionable people of the age, have
Fashionable books. Old works, like old things,
Are neither desired or sought for.

I could be an author, write a book full of
Gemmy sentiments, like an oasis,
Among the desert of books; but knowing
What I do, that the authors of the present

Day, fifty years hence, will be scarce remember'd.

I'll take advantage of this knowledge,
And not rob myself of present comforts,
The society of friends, simply to please
The people of the present day.

This work is old, and looks dull; but it may be full
Of wit and humor;—I'll examine its

Pages. (*Opens it.*) Here's a representation of Angels. (*Shanks and Cit. look on.*)

Cit. These here birds have got flat bills.

Shanks. Dece be pirds, eh! mit all dece peace, mit all
Dece joy, mit all dece recolections, ven
Von big horn shall toot, ven—

Cit. Gad Omighty dom your flop ear'd soul.

Mi. Get out of here, you nasty, bothersome,
Foul mouth wretch, I shan't have no sich chat
As that, in my shop. (*Shanks shoves Cit.*)

Cit. (*Going.*) Gad Omighty dom one and all, your
Flop ear'd souls. [*Exit Cit.*]

*Enter GOODWILL'S GHOST, invisible to all but Buttercock;—shakes
his sword at Buttercock.*

But. Are the gates of hell open, or do the
Dead walk the earth? Don't stare at me so; there
Are others here, as worthy to be seen.

Jol. What's the matter with Buttercock? Who's he
Talking to?

Junc. He's frighten'd, surely he's got the delirium
Tremens.

Mi. If that's it, take care, make way, I'll cure him.—
(*Dashes water upon him.*)

But. Am I beset both by the living and
The dead? (*Ghost smiles.*) You need'nt laugh, you did'nt
Do it; throw down that sword, and I'll fight you,
Fist and skull. (*Ghost makes a lunge at him;—he dodges—runs
—Ghost after him.*)

Jol. Stop him, stop him, he'll do mischief;—he's beside
Himself.

Fer. He'll frighten the mother of suckling babes;—
Hold him, tie him, bind him.

Junc. Catch him;—lets catch him, he'll stump his toe,
And commit felodese.

Shanks. Mine Cot, mine Cot.

[*Exeunt all, staggering in pursuit of Buttercock.*]

Re-enter BUTTERCOCK, followed by Ghost and Devil.

But. (*To Mimy.*) Old woman,—old woman,—I'll never
Patronize you more;—how can you entertain such
Unwelcome visitors?

Mi. I never expect to again, though you
Are the only one; there is no visitor
Here but you.

But. You lie, look at him, it's the devil himself.—
Look at that horn: look, he shakes his head, and
Grins, as if he'd gore me through like a
Furious bull. Look, look; old woman, get
The poker, tongs or shovel;—beat him, bang
Him, punch him, frail him out, and shut the door.

Mi. Help! help!—Here's a man gone crazy, and thinks
He sees the devil. I'll go and look for help. [*Exit.*]

Ghost. (*To But.*) You are my murderer, and you shall die.

But. I never shed the blood of any,—I'm
No man's murderer.

Ghost. 'Twas through your machinations, perjuries,
Lies, that Henry Blumor was imprison'd:
I, to rescue him, was kill'd: indirectly
Then, you are my murderer:—but if thou'll
Do the living justice, the dead shall go
Unaveng'd. If thou'll repair the injuries
Done to Blumor, confess thy sins, betray
Thy accomplices, to prove his innocence
In the pocket-book affair, thou mayest
Live, to die a natural death.

But. I shall not; life is but a vapor; take
My life, take my heart, pull out my tongue;
Your tortures, sir, cannot wring that secret
From my breast; nor undo my resolutions.
Leave me,—the dead have no right to advise
The living; 'tis exceedingly improper.

Ghost. (*To Devil.*) Lance him, lance him. (*Devil obeys.*)

But. Oh! oh! oh!—Stop! stop! stop!—Don't! let me talk;
Let me say something.—Don't.—Oh! oh!

Ghost. (*To the Devil.*) Withdraw the lance. (*Devil obeys.*)

But. Your servant there, has no honor to attack
A man unarm'd, to make a hole thus
In my belly; he has not the least spark
Of honor; and for this you shall suffer
When I'm dead: 'twill do the devil good,
Make him laugh to see us fight. I'll make
You sneeze, shake you by the throat, and make
Your collar bone rattle like peas.

Ghost. (*To the Devil.*) Sage of hell, raise thy whizzing
Spear, and barb him to the liver. (*Devil obeys.*)

But. Oh! oh!—Stop! Don't, you hurt; take it out;—oh! oh!

Ghost. Take it out, withdraw the lance;—I'll spare his
Life a little. (*To Buttercock.*) Ten days only, shalt thou
Live, that I may torture, pinch, burn, tantalize
You, by being in your company, at

Your side, for having robb'd me of life, and
 Forsworn thyself to ruin thy fellow-
 Man. Then thou shalt die, thou shalt suffer,
 Thou canst not escape.

But. I cannot, because I have no chance. Give
 Me a chance; don't hem me up; give me a
 Chance to run, and I'll out-run you;
 Leave you a distance in the race.

Ghost. The Devil takes,
 But doth not give;
 Thou, thou shalt die,
 And must not live.

*Buttercock leaps over the back of the Devil and runs. Ghost
 and Devil after him. [Exeunt all.]*

SCENE II.—*Ten days after the spree. The last day of Buttercock.
 His family around the bed, with handkerchiefs to their eyes.*

The Ghost and Devil present, invisible to all but Buttercock.

Ghost. Stubborn, wilful man, thy life is nearly
 Ended; before it be too late, repair
 Another's injuries; undo what thou
 Didst in thy better days.

But. I will not.—Oh! oh! I am so sick;
 Whithersoever I lookest, there thou art,
 To stare me in the eyes.—Oh! oh! Leave me,
 Leave me.

Ghost. Long since I would have gone, and ere this thou
 Hadst been tranquil, hadst thou confess'd thy
 Guilt, and acknowledg'd Blumor's innocence.

But. Damn Blumor, and his posterity—ad infinitum—
 Oh! oh!—You have no idea how I suffer.

Ghost. Thou sufferest but little, else thou wouldst
 Confess thy sins. To extort a confession,
 I'll make the worm that dieth not, singe thy
 Head with its fiery breath; lave its heated
 Tongue, upon thy damp brow, and fill thy
 Ears that heareth not, with hell's hoarse roar.

But. Oh! oh!—I am so sick; will the Doctor
 Never come?—Oh! oh!—I ask you respectfully
 To leave me: when well, possibly
 We can arrange this matter.

Ghost. Thou wilt never be well. Thy last day is come.
 The Devil's at hand; thou mayest judge
 From his contented look and satisfied air,
 That he expects a rich repast, in possessing
 Thy sinful soul.

Enter DOCTOR, examining his pulses.

But. Oh! oh! if the Doctor says I must die,
 And cannot live, I'll make a confession,

To remove the unjust odium
Enveloping Henry Blumor. Oh! oh! Doctor,
Are there any hopes?—Say, say, can I live?—Oh! oh!

Dr. I will be candid, there are no hopes; the
Constitution's gone, the system's prostrated;
Your remaining moments had better be
Spent in meditation and prayer.

But. Oh! oh!—I must make a confession, a
Written confession. Doctor take down my
Last words;—there's a table, and writing
Materials.—Oh! oh! [*Exeunt Ghost and Devil.*]

Dr. Well, sir, I'm ready.

But. That I, Beverly Buttercock, being
At the point of death, doth confess, Henry
Blumor to be innocent of theft, and
Myself the basest wretch, to blight the prospects
Of a man so worthy, who never did
Me harm. That I concealed a pocket-book
About his person, with the knowledge of
Joler, Junc, Caracat, Ferrost, Shanks,
Who are as guilty as myself, for they
Did swear he took the book by stealth.—Oh! oh!
I've been Blumor's enemy, but now I
Bear him no ill-will, and hope he will
Forgive me.—Oh! oh! The Devil gone,
The Ghost is gone, and I must go. (*Dies.*)

*Enter CITIZENS, and Remove the body. Family of the deceased
follow after, making great lamentations.*

Dr. Now that Henry Blumor's innocent, I
Can rejoice, for I did believe he was
A rogue, under which belief he lost my
Vote. To repair that injury, I will
Go forth, and proclaim this treachery;
Incense the mobs to get his enemies punished. [*Exit.*]

SCENE III.—*Room in a Hotel.*—*Enter BUXTON.*

Bux. Hey! landlord, hey!
What news to-day?

Land. Nothing of interest that I know, except
The separation of Brown and his wife,
The Maid of Surry.—They have parted.

Bux. That's very bad,
Nevertheless I'm glad.—
But tell me now,
When they parted, and how.

Land. Last week, the unnatural husband, forsook
His natural wife, the beautiful Maid
Of Surry. He had not been at Congress

But two days, before he met with a Miss
 Madaline Tell, a woman of great attractions,
 The only daughter of a wealthy man.
 Alas ! she drank his poison, and at his
 Magic, seem'd so fascinated, that they
 Were soon endeared to each other. The
 Serpent was wound around her heart, the
 Angel fell, and with that monster fled an
 Angry parent, who swears temporal
 Punishment to the one, and eternal
 To the other.

Bux. That monster so fell,
 Has done nothing well ;
 Now has he injured a wife,
 Ended his political life,
 To elope with Madaline Tell.
 Whether damn'd or blest,
 I let his name rest ;
 For a horse shaped ill,
 When fat is ill shaped still.
 Hawthorn, I'm anxious to see,
 He has been asking for me.
 Landlord is he here ?
 If not, tell me where.

Land. He's here, and busily engaged in getting
 Up a petition for the legislature,
 Before the election of our next
 United States' Senator ; he has
 Many names to it, and could get as
 Many more if he had the time.—But here he comes. [*Exit.*]

Enter HAWTHORN, with Petition in his hand.

Hau. Good day, Buxton, the Legislature is
 About electing a United States'
 Senator, and that Honorable body
 Must receive this petition in time,
 Praying that Blumor be the Senator.
 God grant he may, 'twill add a blessing
 To our land.

Bux. Yes, friend Hawthorn, that it will,
 And all our hearts with joy fill ;
 If further you will do the thing that's right,
 Haste to the Capitol with all your might ;
 Spur your horse, jerk the reins, be a rider,
 To effect the good of Henry Blumor.
 Allow thy noble steed the fastest pace,
 And ride him as a sportsman in the chase.
 If a moment only thou art too late,
 Thou mayest well conjecture Blumor's fate ;

And in this mission if thou shouldst succeed,
Then hast Hawthorn done a noble deed.
Stay no longer—go, go,—the moments fly,—
Mount, ride, ride, all roads and bridges defy.

Hau. Can I mount the air? I have no wings, else
I had been there, with folded pinions,
Representing things to Blumor's credit
And gain; so that the members through me,
Could ascertain that the people here would
Be elated, if Harry Blumor could
Be elected United States' Senator.
I would labor, as never man labor'd,
To impress his political virtues
And capabilities, to fill any
Station honorably, under the heavens,
Within the human limits. I would work,
As I expect to work, for yet it's not
Too late; my horse I've ordered, and momentarily
Expect him at the gate. (*Enter Hostler.*)

Hos. Sir, your horse is ready.

Hau. His sides will foam with sweat, his nostrils smoke
Before I arrive at the Capitol. [*Exeunt Hau. and Hos.*]

Buz. I'll go see him off, and urge him the while
To ride fast, gallop mile after mile. [*Exit.*]

SCENE IV.—*The Mob.*—*Enter MOB, dragging Joler, Junc, Caracat, Ferrost, Shanks, to punishment. Enter DOCTOR, partly exhausted, and rapidly blowing.*

Dr. Hah! hah! hah! I'm almost out of breath;
We had a tough time of it; they ran like
Ostriches. Hah! hah!—lay it on, I'll count the licks;
Give them so many and no more; let each
One receive his twenty-four.—Hah! hah!

The mob inflicts punishment;—much begging and cries from the sufferers.

Dr. There, stop! stop! they have received the penalty,
The debt of guilt is paid; Blumor's wrongs aveng'd;
And thou shalt punish them no more, nor
Laugh at their penitence; leave off your
Mimicries and threats; go hence; leave, I will
Unbind them myself, so that there be no
Further violence. [*Exeunt Mob.*]

(*DR. unbinds JOLER.*)

Dr. Have you any thing to say?

Jol. Yes, sir, I can say that I must have been
Born under an unfortunate star, for the
Roughest Mountaineer, that ever split a clod,
Can now fill places in society barefooted,
That I cannot with my shoes on.

Unhappy is the tide, in which I seem to float;
I'd rather mount the back of any billie goat. (*Exit.*)

(DOCTOR *unbinds* CARACAT.)

Dr. Have you any thing to say?

Car. Adam's eldest son, the felon Cain,
Would ne'er have committed murder, had there been
No Abel, to excited his enmity;
Nor would I be ruin'd thus, if Buttercock
Had not acted improperly, in making
A confession, manifesting the
Political trick play'd upon Blumor,
Sworn never to be reveal'd; the wretch was
Doubly perjur'd by his indiscretion;
I am, what I am. (*Exit.*)

(DOCTOR *unbinds* FERROST.)

Dr. Have you any thing so say?

Fer. Naught to relieve the burden here; to heal
This smarting back; the day is past, the moments
Fled, when joy kindled here; naught to relume
A single hope; all, all is dreary waste,
This guilty soul, merg'd in disgrace. (*Exit.*)

(DOCTOR *unbinds* JUNC.)

Dr. Have you any thing to say?

Junc. Sir, I was so penitent, the lash made
Me halloo at such a rate, I'm asham'd
To open my lips but to say the devil
Had his dues; and I, a poor fellow dealt
With justly. (*Exit.*)

(DOCTOR *unbinds* SHANKS.)

Dr. Have you any thing to say?

Shanks. Mit dece I shalt die, I shalt die. O! Sharmany!
Sharmany! mine Coountry! I shalt die.
I vill and besqueath mine wife to mine pipe;
Mine pipe to mine wife. O! mine Cot! mine Cot! (*Exit.*)

Dr. I'd rather be the injured, than injurers,
In some cases, though not in this; for I
Feel no pity for those sufferers, else
They had not received this severity
At my hands, for which I desire neither
Blumor's nor the world's approving glance.
If wrong, here is a conscience; if right, here is
A conscience; if wrong, there is a hell;
If right, there is a heaven. (*Exit.*)

SCENE V.—*A Room in Blumor's House.*

Enter WIDOW BLUMOR.

W. B. Daughter, I've come to see my son.

Mrs. B. Well, mother, it's kind in you, have a seat, mother.

W. B. No, I will first to my son. Henry Blumor,
Here's your old mother, who wants to talk to you.
Henry, Henry, speak honey; he doesn't
Even open his lips;—pray, how long has
He been thus?

Mrs. B. Ever since the election, he has droop'd,
And pin'd, and scarcely ever leaves his chair;
He's in it from morn till night, from night till
Morn, and doesn't seem to know I'm here, or
Any body else, for he says nothing,
Does nothing, and forgets to take his food
For weeks at a time, and then eats enough
To gorge a dozen men.

W. B. My poor boy, (weeps) he doesn't favor his former
Self; his hair is long, his beard is long,
His brows contracted, and seemeth now a
Savage, and barbarian. O my daughter,
His malady will engender poverty
And want.

Mrs. B. Thou speakest rightly, mother; ruins at the door!
Behold your daughter, your son and daughter;
The one insane, the other drooping like
A weeping willow, at his calamities,
And misfortunes. Oh! this was once the
Abode of light and merry hearts; earth's tallest
Mountain seem'd a fodder stack, to the rapture
That was mine; to the elysium that was mine;
To the joy, concord, and passing gratification,
Which lifted, thrill'd and buoy'd my soul.
But now, my mother, you may deposite
Them in a nut-shell.

W. B. I sympathize with you, my daughter; (weeps)
I sympathize with you, my son; (weeps.) Insanity,
Thou hideous monster, thou iceberg to
The warm feelings of justice, charity,
Reason; thou hast ruin'd my noble son;
Scatter'd his fame to the winds; martyr'd his
Glory; snatch'd away the feast he labor'd
To partake; hurl'd him from the summit
He toil'd to gain; deprived him the tools by which
He liv'd; made him as simple as he was
When born, when he first saw the light of day,
When his infant lips pronounced the name of
God, and country. Oh! I do pity my
Fallen boy; alas! there is no cure for
His malady; dip him seven times in
An ocean of penitent tears; his
Leprosy is not heal'd; melt the mountains

To a salve, his leprosy is not heal'd;
 Convert the winds to a balmy essence,
 His leprosy is not heal'd; let the rains
 Be honey drops, his leprosy is not heal'd;
 And his drinks the bitterest gall.

Enter MESSENGER.

Mess. He that hath ears to hear, let him hear
 Buttercock's death-bed confession.—That I,
 Beverly Buttercock, being at the
 Point of death, doth confess Henry Blumor
 To be innocent of theft, and myself
 The basest wretch to blight the prospects of
 A man so worthy, who never did me harm.

The fog is gone,
 The day is bright,
 The evil done
 Has come to light. (*Blumor straightens
 himself a little.*)

Enter BUXTON.

Bux. Aye, now his constituents will frown,
 The representative John X. Brown,
 At Congress kick'd up a flurry,
 Deserted his wife, the maid of Surry;
 Eloped with a Miss Madaline Tell,
 And her daddy says he'll send him to hell. (*Blumor crosses his*

Enter HAUTHORN. *legs.*)

Hau. News from the Capitol, news from the Capitol;
 Harry Blumor, United States' Senator;
 Elected unanimously.
 Long live Blumor, long live Blumor,
 My friend in youth, my associate in manhood;
 May he ascend the cloudless summit of
 A hero's immortality, and the
 Unparallel excellence of a Statesman's glory.

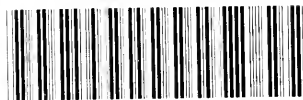
BLUMOR rises from his lethargy.

Blu. My enemies are my footstool!—(*proudly.*) Now my
 Wife, we can embrace the shiftless joys of earth,
 The lovely trance of better days; enjoy
 God's beautiful creation, the spangl'd
 Skies, glassy lakes, mossy groves, icteritious
 Flowers, and mountain deck'd huey minarets. (*Curtain falls.*)

THE END.



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